The People's Press.

VOL. XXI. SALEM, N. C., AUGUST 28, 1873. NO. 35.

The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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ROSY'S WEDDING PORTION.

She stood at the gate, with her hat on the back of her neck and the morning sun streaming over her bare bright head, while she spoke with the young man who leaned across the rail and gazed at her out of a pair of earnest eyes. In one hand she held the broken rose and spout of an old watering-pot that she had just carelessly picked up, and neither she nor the father and mother who gazed at her from the little sweet-brier-draped veranda knew that she held in her hand the greater part of her wedding portion.

"Let him have my little clover blossom?" cried the father, angrily. "Not by a long shot! Have I been rearing her this twenty years to throw her over the fence at last—?"

"But, father—"

"No, mother, that will do. Mr. Monteith may be a part of the solid earth, for all I know—you women seem to think so. But I'll send him flying higher than Gilderoy's kite if he asks me for Rosy Mayne!"

"But father—" the timid voice began again.

"There, that will do, mother, I say. See her down at the gate now." And the dutiful wife turned her head to look at the pretty maiden, tall and slender, and well-shaped, and with a face than whose wonderful colors, so pellucid, so rich, so changing, Aurora herself could have none fairer or brighter—a face whose brilliant hazel eyes accented all the colors with their clear lustre, and the fine and flying hair about which was of that marvelous tint which is neither chestnut nor red, but has something of the shadow of the first, something of the splendor of the last.—"Look at her," said the father. "I can't believe a thing so fine as that is any of mine. She's you all over again when I courted you. And I'm sure she shall be none of his! Am I going to give that girl to a ragamuffin of an inventor to go and starve in a city lodging, do you think? Why, she has taken the prize for bread at every fair the country round; her cheese is the best; her butter is the best; her darning is the—"

"Then I'm sure, father, she's all the better prepared to marry a poor man."

"Well, she's not going to do it!" said the farmer, sharply. "The man that marries my Rosy is a man that I shall be satisfied knows how to take care of her. He shall be able to plow a straight furrow, to drain a field, to lay out a farm."

"But, father," persisted the audacious wife, "you know yourself that it is a hard life, and there are other things just as good as farming; and if it so be he can—"

"There, there, there!" answered Mr. Mayne. "Not another word. There's an end to it. Don't talk to me either, of what was done over to the Beach. George Rives would have done it if he hadn't.—I'm sorry I ever let him come here, idling away the summer in our best room, building coffer-dams down in my brook, and making love to my girl; and to-morrow I'll send him packing! I'm going to get George Rives to help me a speli, I guess, anyhow—and maybe that'll put this fellow out of her head. I don't know why you don't like George. I do. And he has more land than any two in the township."

"Well, *I* hadn't. And now about that old churn of yours—what is it you want? The hoop fixed on the bottom? Roll it out then, and we'll see what can be done. It's a strange thing that in all these years none of you women that have been churning your heads and shoulders off can find any better way to bring the butter than this?"

"Oh yes, father, I have made enough for Mr. Monteith's breakfast many a time, fresh, with a bowl and spoon. He told me how to do it himself—just whip the wind into it."

"Whip the nonsense into it!" said Mr. Mayne. "Great deal he knows about butter-making! Get us the hammer, Mrs. Mayne, and a shingle-nail or two. Strange a woman can't drive a nail without mashing her thumb!" And perhaps good Mrs. Mayne was not altogether displeased when, a minute or two afterward, she saw her liege lord sucking his index finger as if it were a piece of sugar-cane.

They were standing, as it was said, on the veranda that ran along the shady side of the house, where Mrs. Mayne and Rosy were wont to do their churning. It was here that, one fine morning, when the spring was opening and the lilacs were in bud, four or five months ago, a strong and pleasant face appeared through the lattice, and a stranger asked if Mrs. Mayne would take a summer boarder. The farmer was away on a jury; and Mrs. Mayne, looking at the stranger, and thinking of her empty room and of the added money, rolling her hands into her apron and rolling them out again, thinking she liked his face, thinking there was that half-melancholy something in it that she had noticed in the dumb creatures, as of a soul struggling with its expression, finally decided in the affirmative; and the stranger had said his name was Rodney Monteith, and the minister knew him; and he had taken his knapsack and himself up stairs and into her front room.

The minister did know him; he had paid his board regularly; she had grown fond of his still, grave ways; and when Farmer Mayne came home he found his wife and daughter watching the new-comer build some strange contrivance for the model of an improved lifting lock down at the falls of the brook; and he grumbled the rest of the summer.

One day, when Rosy, to the top of her bent, was playing her part as queen of hearts, and enjoying the torture of her knaves, there came the great parish excursion to the Beach, some half dozen miles distant, an annual gathering of all the country-side; and mighty were the preparations for the lunch-baskets, and of course it was not to be thought of that Mrs. Mayne's hampers should not exceed all the rest. And when the appointed morning dawned in warmest sunshine, the hay-carts loaded with laughter and beauty, and the old wagons with age and sobriety and viands, all trundled down to the sands together, and the great sea was greeted with a free translation of the old Greek shout. "There she is!" said the senior M. Rives. "The tarnal critter! Lying out-doors all night, and singing to herself, and ready to crush the bones of the first man she lays hands on!" Then the parties dispersed themselves; the children tended the fires with drift-wood and dry weed; the matrons made the chowder; the lovers sat among the sand-hills. There were races and games and strollings on the shore, and when the half-tide came at sunset there was bathing.

Mr. Monteith sat some way out on a low ledge of rocks by himself, watching the tide play in and out among the purple fissures and turn a tiny wheel he had whittled from a chip and set up there; and he did not appear to take much interest in the human part of the scene till Rosy Mayne came dancing along among the lads and lasses who were going in, and with her bare white feet, her streaming hair, her laughing face, and her pretty bathing dress, looking lovelier than any sea-nymph that ever swam, he thought, joining hands and running boldly down to the edge of the creaming wave. "Rosy!" cried Mr. Monteith, "this under-tow is too strong for any of your daring pranks; there's nothing but a shark can swim in it." But Rosy did not choose to hear, and Mr. Monteith deliberately took off his shoes and coat, and watched her. And not a moment too soon, for all at once her head disappeared; she had gone down, had risen again with a great cry, and then, as if a giant hand had reached and snatched her out to sea while the others scrambled up the shore, there was nothing of her to be seen but her floating hair away out on the farther crest of the surf.

But at the first cry there had been a bound through the air of the figure on the ledge of rocks, and Mr. Monteith was after her. So strong was the under-tow that it seemed but a moment to those who waited breathless on the beach before he had reached and grasped her. But then came the dreadful struggle for the shore. He had the girl on his shoulders, and he fought his best, but twice he was beaten off. The third time he caught the rope the others had waded far out to throw him, succeeded in getting it about them both, and was dragged to shore with her at last more dead than alive.

Of course they did not wait for any night fires or dancing on the beach after this; but as soon as the half-drowned people could be dried and warmed the horses were put in, George Rives cursing his luck as he buckled straps and girth, Mr. Mayne pushing him about as if he were a worthless little boy, and crying and swearing between whiles, crying for Rosy's sake and swearing for George's and the whole party hurried on their homeward way. And it would be hard to say how badly Rosy behaved that night as they went along.—Perhaps she felt a chain tightening around her, and rebelled. "If you want me to prevent your flinging yourself out of the hay-cart, Rosy," Mr. Monteith said at last, "you must come on this side." And then for the first time she saw that the great waves from which he had saved her, in their white and foaming onslaught on the sands and ledges, had broken his arm. But she did not say a word. She only began to sing the gayest and sweetest songs she could remember, though she knew he must be nearly fainting with the pain.—But as soon as the hay-cart stopped at the lower gate she sprang out, and ran up the garden and round the yard to the barn, and had thrown the saddle on the filly in the moonlight, without waiting for help, and was galloping for the doctor as fast as the filly could carry her.

"Oh! oh!" said she, that night, as her tired mother slept soundly in the arm-chair, and she herself sat wetting the cool bandages on the aching arm. "To think that it was hurt so for me!"

"Rosy," said Mr. Monteith, smiling through his pain, "that arm is always for you." And Rosy laid her face down beside it and cried.

"Is this the way you're keeping off fever, Rosy?" cried her mother, waking opportunely. "You go right away to bed, this moment!" And Rosy went.

It was a strange accident, but it so happened that Rosy was not once again alone with the lover who had broken his arm for her until he was well enough to come down stairs. Mrs. Mayne, of course, was on the spot whenever she was wanted, and so was the hired girl, while Farmer Mayne developed the most surprising capability as a nurse. In vain Mr. Montieth assured him he needed nobody. You would have said, to see the farmer's assiduity, that he was in a hurry to get the man well again and out of the house.

One day the farmer awoke to find that his bird had flown, and starting up, his first glance out of the window showed him Mr. Monteith sitting by Rosy on the brook side—and the farmer knew that the mischief was done. For when you see arms intertwined and lips meeting, you may generally decide that your interference is of no further avail, all the more when, as in this case, one arm is in a sling, and Love has called in pity.

It was nearly a month from that day, and now Mrs. Mayne had gone over to the enemy—not having a great distance to go, to be sure—and the farmer had been fighting a hard fight. "Not," said he, with more or less frequency, "that I have any objections to the man, if he didn't want my Rosy. But my Rosy is for his betters! It beats all, the trouble such a girl can make. Before she grew up we were happy enough; and now, mother, we're all the time disputing. Give woe to man and he has woman!"

And so the farmer had turned off this morning, as always before, with something between a sigh and an oath, that relieved his feelings in every direction. But Mrs. Mayne had detained him in order that he might mend her ancient churn while she urged an argument for the lovers—an argument, as we have seen, pooh-poohed and silenced by the desired listener at the very beginning. It was, nevertheless, an entering wedge, and the indulgent mother felt that so much might be followed by more, and had some potent points to bring forward at the time that the hammer came down with such withering effect on the farmer's forefinger, and we left him engaged in macerating the wound on primitive principles.

It was while he was occupied in this soothing manner that, glancing up ferociously, he saw Mr. Monteith and Rosy approaching hand in hand. It was like shaking a red rag before the old short horn; the farmer was infuriated. He waited till they were close upon him, and then, "Drop my girl's hand!" he roared, shaking his mashed finger threateningly in the air.

Instead of dropping it, the lover drew Rosy's hand all the more closely into his own; "Mr. Mayne," said he, "that is what I should be very foolish to do, when I came to ask you to give me the hand."

"Give you the hand!" cried the farmer. "Haven't you got it?" And he paused a moment too indignant to find fit words to characterize his indignation, and forgetting all about his old threat concerning Gilderoy's kite; and Mr. Monteith took advantage of the opportunity.

"I know, sir," said he, "that I don't deserve her, and that nobody can deserve her. But with my character you are acquainted. And as for my means, I have already a small capital, and I have confidence in my ability to take care of her suitably. For the rest, I am sure that I can make her happy—"

"You are sure that you can make her happy!" cried the wicked farmer, mimicking his tone, and letting his hammer fall on the refractory nail in the churn hoop as if he wished it were Rodney Monteith's head. "Look here, young man," he exclaimed, after a few moments of vicious hammering, and giving the finishing tap to the hoop, "when you can make a churn that will bring the butter in half the time that this churn does, you may have my Rosy, and not a minute before. And as I judge that's an impossibility, you may take it for your answer."

"Let me see," said Mr. Monteith, coolly leaning against the corner of the veranda as he spoke, and still keeping Rosy's hand. "These are the terms, if I understand you; when I can make a churn that will bring the butter in half the time that this churn does, I may have your Rosy and not a minute before. May I have her a minute after?"

"As many minutes as you please," said the farmer, with sardonic grimness, though a little puzzled by the cool reception of his presumably emphatic negative.

"Not many, then, Mr. Mayne. Rosy, this is our wedding day!" And to the angry beholder's dismay, he drew the blushing, laughing girl within the clasp of his sound arm and kissed her before her father's face. "Shall not a man do what he will with his own?" he asked of the amazed parent. "You have given Rosy to me, Mr. Mayne!"

The farmer did not answer another syllable, but turned his broad back upon the pair, and to all appearance gave his whole soul to the starting nails in the lattice-work.

"Mrs. Mayne," said the lover, "how long does it take to bring the butter, with this churn, may I ask?"

"Just thirty minutes, sir."

"Very well; when you are ready, blow the horn, if you please. I will be down at the brook. I will bring you as much butter in a quarter of the time. Let me have a gallon of cream in the stone crock."

"In the crock? Do you want to smash it?" cried the wondering woman.

"Not a bit. I want to fill it with butter.

"You shall have it, Mr. Monteith; as good sweet cream—"

"Mother!" cried the farmer.

"Now, Mr. Mayne!" said his wife. "I'm not one of those that want to call down a plague by copying the Egyptians, and I shan't set any body to making bricks without straw."

"In the fairy stories that I have read, Mr. Mayne," said Monteith, laughing, "although there was always a fairy godmother to step in in the nick of time, the victim was never set to spin gold without straw."

"And the man that's working for my daughter must have his tools!" declared Mrs. Mayne, as a finality.

"Oh, that's right," said the farmer. "Do all you can to help throw her away."

"You'll be on hand to time us, Mr. Mayne?" said the determined lover.

"I'll time you with a vengeance!" cried the farmer with a bitter sort of grin—for he already enjoyed the defeat of the rash man who was going to bring butter sooner than his wife could. And as for Rosy, she ran away to roll up the sleeves from her dimpled arms, to wash her hands, and to have a good cry.

But when the horn blew, Mr. Monteith was seen coming up from the brook with two old pieces of tin that he had been cleaning and polishing down there: one of these pieces was the bottom of a tin steamer that had been torn off long ago, and through whose centre he had punched a larger hole than any already there; the other was that spout and rose of a watering-pot which Rosy had been idly holding in her hand. The farmer, sitting on a high, three-legged stool, looked on with a comfortable sense of satire. "He has come up like those old heathen who supposed they would frighten off their enemies by the flashing of tin-ware and beating of stones," he thought. "That's no way to make butter, though, and the beggar ain't going to get my Rosy. You won't kill Goliath with a pebble this time, young sir."

Mrs. Mayne had set out the crock of cream, and Rosy stood by, grave and pale, having had her cry out; for though she knew her father was a man of his word, and would not attempt to gainsay it if Mr. Monteith were successful, yet for the life of her she could not see how butter was to be made with two old pieces of broken tin. She would have been glad to hang weights on her mother's arms, but Mrs. Mayne would certainly have shaken them off, for she knew there was some reason in her husband's objections, and having given the contestant fair play, she meant that he should earn his prize if he had it; and Mr. Mayne himself would as soon have looked for snow in August as for his wife to palter or deceive in any manner.

"Rosy, bring me the bellows from the best room," said Mr. Monteith, calmly. And when she came back with that implement he had passed the broken spout of the watering-pot through the hole punched in the centre of the torn steamer, had fitted a little rubber tube, which he produced from his pocket, on one end of the spout, and taking the bellows, he secured the other end of the rubber over the nozzle there.

"Are you ready, Mrs. Mayne?" he said. "Your watch, sir," to the farmer; and the latter solemnly took out his great silver dial that was almost big enough for a hall clock. And then, as Mrs. Mayne lifted her dasher, Mr. Monteith gently put the inverted rose of the watering-pot's spout down through his cream to the bottom of the crock, fitted the piece of the old steamer to the top of the crock, and with the first movement of Mrs. Mayne's arms he opened and closed his bellows, sent the outer air into the cream through the spout and its rose, and out again through the holes of the broken steamer, and continued to open and close the bellows so, without a word, for the space of seven minutes.

"Has your butter come, Mrs. Mayne?" he asked then.

"My butter come?" she cried. "What should make you ask such a ridiculous question? It never came in its life under thirty minutes, I told you!"

"Mine has," said Mr. Monteith. And Mrs. Mayne dropped her dasher in amazement, and despite her wishes and expectations, as he opened the crock, and Rosy lifted out great handfuls of the firm, sweet butter, ready to be worked and salted.

"I'll be—" But on second thought I will not repeat what the farmer said. It made Mrs. Mayne's hair stand on end, as that sort of conversation usually did, notwithstanding the twenty years she had been exposed to it. But Rosy only laughed.

"Very well, sir," said the farmer in conclusion. "I never go back on my word. And you can take her. I dare say she isn't so much of a girl as I thought she was."

But Rosy's arms were round her father's neck, butter and all, and she was kissing him to the point of strangulation.

"You silly thing!" she said. "I do believe you are crying! Don't you know that the man that can fetch butter with two old bits of tin in seven minutes can take care of a better girl than I am."

"He can't get a better girl!" said the farmer. "But I declare to man, I should like to know how 'twas done!"

"Only by aerating the cream, sir," said Mr. Monteith. "A speedy way of carrying out the first and last principles of the common churn."

"'Ill have my lawyer patent that churn to-day, and it shall be Rosy's wedding portion!" said the farmer. "You're not such a bad fellow, after all, Mr. Monteith."

The farmer did as he said. And though to the present day Mr. Monteith can get nobody else to see the merits of his great improved lifting lock, he has a father-in-law who believes in it, who believes he could make the sun stand still in the heavens if he tried, and he is the possessor—in his wife's name, to be sure—of a goodly fortune already realized from his royalties upon the little patent churn which was her wedding portion.

An Atlanta Romance.

The Atlanta *Herald* of the 30th ult., relates the following incident, which is probably known already to many persons in Charleston. Mr. Francis Police, the "rich uncle," referred to, was an old resident of this city, and had accumulated a handsome estate. The *Herald* says:

"It is seldom that the poor and deserving class of a community happen to a "good streak of luck," and the fickle Goddess of Fortune apparently aims her shafts above those whose condition in life would be benefitted by the bestowal of her favors. An honest hard-working machinist, named Joseph P. Police, has been at work in the State Road Shops in this city for a long time, and was accounted by the "bosses" as one of their steadiest and most reliable workmen, who supported his small family by the daily sweat of his brow.

There was living in the city of Charleston, S. C., an old uncle of Mr. Police, who fell sick and sent for his nephew to come to his bedside. Arriving at Charleston, he at once repaired to the chamber of the sick man, and there found his relative on a dying bed.

No time was lost in stating to his visitor why he was sent for, and was then told that he had left his entire estate amounting to $52,000 to him as his sole heir. At the same time he drew from under his pillow over $1,700 in cash, besides several gold watches and other valuables. The old man at length died, and on examining into his effects Mr. Police found himself the fortunate possessor of vast amounts of railroad and bank stocks, gold, real estate, and a splendid mansion in the city of Charleston, in all amounting to the above sum. Mr. Police after rewarding his uncle's faithful housekeeper to the amount of over two thousand dollars, made arrangements to return to Atlanta, where he arrived a much richer man than when he left.

In looking through one trunk Mr. Police discovered nine hundred dollars in gold, which was rather a surprise, and which seems to have been overlooked in the deed.

Of course this good fortune if judiciously handled, will render Mr. Police comfortable the remainder of his life. It is stated that his uncle possessed large means in Europe, which will go to his relatives in that country. Mr. Police takes his new estate with much *sang froid*, and appears to be unconscious of his good luck.

Ruthless Red Devils.

PAWNEE RESERVE,
PLATTE Co., Neb., Aug. 12, 1873.

The following thrilling account of the awful battle between the Sioux and Pawnees near the Republican River is from a *Herald* correspondent, who took part in the fight:

At daylight on the morning of August 5th, the Pawnees, numbering about four hundred, including squaws and children, broke their camp on the Republican, near Frenchman's Fork, twenty-five miles west of Red Willow, and started on the trail due north in the direction of a herd of buffaloes which the scouts had seen the day previous. After travelling about three miles we were surprised by seeing buffaloes running directly towards the line of march. This unusual circumstance was disregarded by the Pawnees, and immediately the best hunters

STARTED IN EAGER PURSUIT,

and the plain for miles around was black with Pawnees and buffaloes. No sooner, however, had the hunters been scattered to convenient distances from the trail than the Sioux, who had been driving the buffalo ahead of them for this very purpose, came galloping along the divide, lying upon the necks of their ponies, with blankets drawn over their heads to resemble buffaloes.

In a moment the ruse was discovered, and the whole line broke out with the cry of

"CHARABAT! CHARABAT!"

(Sioux), and the warhoops of the men.—Squaws, children and pack horses were hurried into the nearest ravine, and the warriors, seizing their best horses, galloped towards the approaching enemy, chanting their wild death song.

On came the Sioux throwing their blankets, yelling and shooting, and soon the fight began in true Indian fashion, each party in turn dashing forward, firing and retreating. But soon the greatly superior numbers of the Sioux began to be felt, and the Pawnees, gradually hemmed in on all sides, were forced over the bluffs into the ravine among their squaws and children.

"WE CAN'T FIGHT THEM,"

shouted the chief—"too many; throw off the packs, put the squaws on the horses and run." Overboard went the seven hundred dried buffaloes which the government had allowed them to hunt for their starving families on the reserve—starving because the government has allowed the Sioux for two successive seasons to hunt on the Pawnees' hunting grounds. Meat, tents, blankets, everything thrown aside, there began a general rout, all rushing in confusion down the ravine to the river, and the Sioux firing upon them from its abrupt sides with terrible effect. So densely packed were the Pawnees that

HARDLY A SHOT WAS WASTED,

warriors, squaws and horses falling in struggling, groaning heaps; mothers dropping their children, and those behind rushing madly over them, while the Sioux pressed close behind and scalped living and dead. Three miles to the Republican—and all this way the Pawnees ran and were slaughtered in this horrible manner by the best of the government arms.—Bows and arrows are excellent for buffalo hunting; but for Sioux fighting I should even prefer a Spencer rifle, despicably poor as they are. But the Pawnees had not even these in any abundance, and although they fought bravely, were able to make scarcely any resistance. About

ONE HUNDRED PAWNEES WERE KILLED

or captured, mostly squaws. Seventy-five horses were taken or shot. Your correspondent was surrounded and captured by Sioux, having mistaken them for Pawnees. But the chief fearing to kill a white man, pointed me a way to the river.

After giving the chase to another party of Sioux I again rejoined a band of fifteen determined Pawnees, who were covering the disastrous flight of their friends.—About twelve miles from the battle-field we came upon a squad of white soldiers under Captain Meinhold, three days from McPherson, who kindly offered to return to the field and remove the wounded, if any were yet alive. On our return the field presented a most horrible sight. The first squaw we found

LAY DEAD, WITH A KNIFE

tightly clenched in her hand. Apparently she had kept her pursuers at bay until overpowered, thrown to the ground, her person violated, a whip-stalk run through her body, and finally scalped. All the young squaws have marks of brutal violence. The children, many of them were scalped alive, without wound, and rolling their glassy eyes up to ours, died, staring in our faces, while we bathed their heads with water. Into a small pocket of the ravine the bodies of six men had been dragged, piled together like so many logs and burned. No battle ground ever presented a more shocking, devilish scene.

The Pawnees conducted themselves in a manner worthy of the descendents of the old monarchs of the Plains, and had they been provided with suitable arms would have held their enemy in check until they had sheltered themselves in the wood along the river, where the Sioux dared not follow.

Special agent Wickizer, of the Post-office Department, reports from Salt Lake, July 31, that highway robbery on the main routes in the Rocky mountains is becoming quite frequent. On the 9th ult., robbers attacked the mail coach on the Montana route, near Pleasant Valley, and took $19,000 in treasure from Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express, but did not molest the mails. The robbers have been arrested.—A few days later, on the same route, near the Snake river, the stage-coach was fired into and the driver mortally wounded.—The poor fellow had the nerve and the presence of mind to put whip to his horses, by which all was saved but his own life.—He expired soon after he reached the first station. On the 24th ult., the mail-coach on the Kelton and Boise route, near the Snake river, was attacked by robbers, and the through mail pouch from Boise to Kelton taken; also Wells Fargo & Co.'s treasure box. Agent Wickizer says bad men come to the mines with the expectation of making sudden fortunes, and, being disappointed, become reckless and desperate highwaymen.

[From the Sioux City Journal.]

Beef Killing--How it is Done Among the Indians.

A gentleman from up the river furnishes us an item concerning the way in which the Indians at several of the agencies do their butchering. The agent furnishes them with rations of beef on the hoof, which they are allowed to slaughter according to the dictates of their own consciences. From 150 to 200 head are issued at a time, and the Indians drive all but twenty or thirty into an enclosure for the purpose. A couple of hundred of the copper colored devils then get around the pen, and with rifles and revolvers commence a fusilade into the herd, taking no aim, but just banging away promiscuously, seeming to desire more to maim and torture the poor brutes than to kill them. The revolvers havn't sufficient force to put one of them to death, so they are the favorite arm.

The wounded bovines soon set up a bellowing which ought to excite pity in any heart, but these red-skins listen to it with delight that could only be equalled if the agonizing cries were those of the pale face victims. In the herd may be seen animals with two or three of their legs broken, but trying to rear and plunge on those uninjured; some with their horns split by a bullet, and others scared and bleeding in various parts of the body. After the massacre is finished the Indians jump into the coral, and there is then a strife for securing the tongues and intestines of the animals, which taken raw are very choice morsels to the red man's palate. When there is nothing left but the lifeless, tongueless, eviscerated carcases of the cattle inside the inclosure, attention is then paid to those reserved to furnish the desert of this carnival of barbaric cruelty. The twenty or thirty steers are stampeded across the prairie, and they are then pursued by the Indians on horseback with lances and revolvers *a la* buffalo hunt, their tormentors uttering those hideous noises for the production of which the vocal accoutrement of the full-grown nation's ward is the only adequate arrangement yet discovered.

By means of spears and pistols the miserable brutes (we refer to the cattle) have their bodies so lacerated that they are soon exhausted by loss of blood and the frantic pace at which they have tried to elude their murderers. When one falls the Indians then try by goading to urge it to another race; but when they fail in this, they stand over the fallen beast, and by all the devilish tricks they ever learned, torment it until death comes as a relief.—Then all the interest in the animal is at an end, except who shall scalp it of its tongue and entrials.

The squaws are then turned out to cut up the carcasses and get them into camp, not a morsel of which is allowed to remain. Among them are sometimes fearful contests for choice portions of the animals, in which a couple of them may frequently be seen hacking at each other with their knives over a piece of tenderloin. When the last one is down the Indians go back to their lodges, their bloodthirstiness whetted to such an edge that the only wonder is that they can at all be restrained from massacreing the entire post. How any set of men expect to civilize a lot of creatures among whom such practices are tolerated is more than we, with our ideas of human instincts, can comprehend.

[From La Voz Publica, of Matamoros.]

Massacre of Protestants in Mexico.

In the town of Zaragoza there has been committed one of those crimes at which civilized society trembles with indignation. On the 6th of last month about thirty Protestants of both sexes were engaged in worship on the street of San Pedro. Suddenly they were called to the church door. The citizen Julian Hernandez went forth and opened the door to those who were calling, when a band of assassins fell upon him with their daggers, leaving him dead in the act. They mortally wounded the citizens of Pablo Apolonia Cortes and Francisca Carvajal. They then beat all the rest, and broke up all the furniture there was in the church. They put out the lights and maltreated and violated the women.

This iniquitous crime, without example in our religious history, has remained without punishment by the Government of Puebla. The Protestant citizens petitioned for protection from the police, and this was denied, and they were left in the hands of a furious band of fanatics, frantic in their barbarity to add another crime to their actions. Many suppose that this crime has been permitted by the Government of Puebla, and the traitors to the country who form its support, because justice has been denied to the citizens who were assaulted, while the bandits and red-handed assassins have been left free.

What has passed in Puebla is without a name. This government has laid aside the mask and has committed itself to every kind of excess. It has trampled upon the law, and sentenced a society to death. If the general government does not apply a remedy to the situation in Puebla, it will be the duty of the other States to form an alliance and to liberate the people from barbarism, as Europe united against the banditti of Argel. We shall wait to see what the official organ of the government will have to say in relation to the malicious concealment of this crime without example.

A schoolmaster in Chokiaville says that there is nothing like kindness in managing a school. He lays his ten-foot hickory sapling pensively on the desk before him, and tells the boys kindly how they must do; and he says the effect of his kind words is something remarkable.

Because a man worth $600,000 took a fancy to and married a barefooted Indiana girl, the rest of the Hoosier maidens prowl around the country with mud slushing up between their toes, looking for well-dressed strangers.

"Thomas," said a father to his son, "don't let that girl make a fool of you.—Look sharp. Remember the adage that 'love is blind.'" "Oh, that adage won't wash said Tom; "talk about love's being blind! Why, I see ten times as much in that girl as you do!"

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1873.

JOB PRINTING.

We call the attention of all classes who wish printing executed neatly, expeditiously, and upon reasonable terms, to the facilities offered at the PEOPLE'S PRESS Printing Establishment. We can furnish, at short notice,

BLANKS, BILL-HEADS,
LETTER-HEADS, CARDS,
PROGRAMMES, HANDBILLS,
PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES,
POSTERS, NOTES, CHECKS,
DRAFTS, &c., &c

Being now within a day's ride of Richmond, extra inducements should be offered by the leading business houses in that city to induce our merchants and mechanics to deal with them. From personal observation, we are satisfied that Richmond has facilities to build up an extensive trade with this section. Her Foundries, Machine Shops and Iron Works are extensive and favorably known. The largest Grist Mill in the world is in operation there and runs altogether by water power. Her jobbing houses are well adapted for the display of goods and we hope to cultivate extensive business relations in future.—Let her merchants use the columns of the country press freely in advertising and we can assure them that it will pay.

The *Nation*, decidedly the ablest Republican journal in the North, makes editorial mention of the platform adopted at the Richmond Convention in which we find this suggestive admission:

"It is more than fair, however, to admit that when the Convention pointed to the condition of Virginia, and contrasted it with the condition of those States which have been under Radical rule, there is little left but for some of us to do but to turn away our eyes, and momentarily, at least, hold our tongues."

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.—The Gubernatorial campaign, of the Conservatives opened in Richmond on the 22nd by a grand mass meeting in the theatre. Governor Walker president and made the opening speech. He was followed by General Kemper, candidate for Governor, Colonel R. E. Withers, R. M. T. Huntor, Esq., and other prominent conservative leaders. All the speeches were received with great enthusiasm by the immense audience which filled the building.

The News from Mexico, dated to the 10th inst., in the capital, is of a novel and rather pleasing character. The prospect of changes in the Cabinet was canvassed and talked over in a quiet constitutional tone. The government of the Republic is anxious to renew diplomatic relations with England, France and Belgium. President Lerdo will have the support of a majority of the Congress. This majority is, however, opposed to any concessions to citizens of the United States. German industry is closely speculating for mining profits in Lower California. The Republic is in perfect peace internally—an unusual condition; so much so as to be almost wonderful—*New York Herald.*

DEATH OF JOHN I. SHAVER.—This well known and highly respected citizen of Salisbury died of erysipeles, on Sunday. His funeral was attended by the largest concourse of citizens ever assembled in Salisbury on a similar occasion.

Hon. D. M. Barringer is still lying dangerously ill at White Sulphur Springs, Va., with but little hopes of his recovery.

FAYETTEVILLE GAZETTE.—We have received several numbers of this well printed and ably conducted new paper, recently commenced in Fayetteville, by the Messrs. Myrover. Success to the enterprise.

The Goldsboro *Messenger* is discussing the feasibility of wooden Railroads. That paper says the cost of their construction will be but little more than that of an ordinary wagon road. They will afford transportation at less than one-fifth the cost by wagon, and less also than the ordinary cost by rail, where interest on capital invested is considered.

The Raleigh *News*, one of our most valued exchanges and among the best conducted papers in the country, misses occasionally. We learn the *News* has a large and increasing patronage, and employs a traveling correspondent in Western North Carolina.

The Salisbury *Watchman* speaks in high commendation of the gentlemanly deportment, dignified bearing, impartiality, and ability of Judge Albertson, who is now presiding at a special term of Rowan Superior Court.

Judge Thomas A. B. Nelson, late Judge of the Suprome Court, died at his residence in Knoxville, Tenn., of cholera, on Sunday.

Philetus Sawyer, member of Congress from Wisconsin, committed suicide by cutting his throat.

The working people of the United States are estimated at 13,000,000—one third of the population.

A destructive freshet washed away the corn patch of a Wisconsin farmer, and laid bare an almost inexhaustible lead mine.

Germany can bring into service an army of nearly 200,000 men, if necessary, for conquest or defence.

THE STATE FAIR.—For the information of our readers who take an interest in the matter, we publish the following notice of the 13th annual State Fair of the N. C. Agricultural Society to be held in Raleigh in October:

Ten Thousand Dollars in Premiums.
New and attractive Grounds.
Magnificent Buildings.
Accommodation for seating 8,000 people.
Railroad arrangements the most liberal ever made with any Agricultural or Mechanical Society in the State.

Articles for Exhibition transported FREE, and delivered from the cars within the Grounds.

Fare for passengers on Railroads in North Carolina 1½ cents per mile. Excursion trains from every direction, daily.—Special trains for passengers will run to the Grounds from the city every fifteen minutes. Fare only TEN CENTS.

Hon. DANIEL W. VOORHEES, of Indiana, will deliver the Annual Address.

Essay on the Cultivation of Cotton by DAVID DICKSON, Esq., of Georgia.

Grand Prize distribution of BLOODED STOCK.

WESTON, the Great Pedestrian, in his wonderful Feats of Endurance.

TWO BANDS OF MUSIC.

Single admission to the grounds, - 50c.
Single admission for children under 12 years of age. 25c.

Send for Premium List:

T. M. HOLT, *President.*
R. T. FULGHUM, *Secretary.*

The Executive Committee of the State Agriculture Society have secured the aid and co-operation of the three musical professors Schnieder, of St. Mary's School; Bauman, of the Peace Institute, and Dr. L. Von Meyerhoff, of the Baptist Female Seminary, in the inauguration of a Grand Musical Festival during Fair week.

What Reconstruction Did.

The last census is valuable in many particulars. It throws considerable light upon that dark spot in our national character—Reconstruction. It tells a story of its blighted curse that is more touching than any that the pen of romance can trace. It shows how political tinkers endeavored to mend the broken Union, but in doing so brought useless and painful poverty on the South—how it in fact injured the nation, lessened its wealth and reduced its capabilities. But we will specify. We resort to figures and, when correct, they "do not lie." The war was ruinous, but the main cause of our impoverishment is the Reconstruction policy that was pursued toward us.

In the calculation that follows Delaware, Maryland and Missouri are excluded. The value of slaves at $500 a head $2,000,000,000. Without counting them here is the estimate of property in the South:

In 1860	$3,793,909,629
In 1870	2,762,063,429

An actual loss of 30 per cent. in the value of property for ten years, or $1,231,000,000 in gold, or $109 in gold for every man, woman and child in the slave States. When we add the value of slave property the actual depreciation sustained amounts to $3,230,000,000 or $287 in gold for every person. It is not half what it was in 1860.

The census shows further that the value of farms at a gold basis, has depreciated $1,09$,774,161, or more than the value of that which remains. What a picture! The farm lands are not worth half to-day what they were in 1860.

We get these figures from that able paper, the Chicago *Tribune*. We give the "shrinkage:"

In West Virginia and Virginia it was $2.39, or 20 per cent., in Tennessee, $4.10, or 30 per cent.; in Florida $2.23, or 40 per cent; in North Carolina $2.84, or 47 per cent,; in Arkansas $5.32, or 56 per cent.; in Louisiana $13.29, or 60 per cent.; in South Carolina, $5.63, or 66 per cent, and so on. The depreciation in the valuation of farm instruments in the same time was from $89,846,000 in gold in 1860 to $55,-821,280 in currency in 1870, or a loss of more than one half. The decrease in the value of stocks and crops that were raised in 1860 and 1870 was in the same proportion.

Now, it is nonsense to say that the war did all this. It was the ruinous policy of Reconstruction that did the destructive work. This is manifest by an appeal to figures.

In Maryland, Delaware and Missouri, where a different policy was pursued, a large increase in value of property is reported. And so throughout the North. They were in the war, too, but they grow rich, whilst the South, persecuted and abused grow poorer rapidly. The *Tribune* adds:

The figures, though sufficiently startling in themselves, do not represent the loss by prevention of natural increase, which it is proper to consider. The gain in wealth in New York was 185 per cent. in gold values; in Iowa, 186; in Missouri, 134; in Pennsylvania, 117; in Michigan, 126; in California, 148. The average gain in all the States, except the thirteen Southern States under consideration, was 111 per cent. in the ten years. At this ratio, the wealth of these Southern States would have been increased by $1,200,000,000. The difference to the country, therefore, by the impoverishment of the Southern States, is represented by more than $5,000,000,000, or considerably more than our National debt.

Every philanthropist, every man who thinks himself a statesman, should ponder well these startling figures. They speak trumpet-tongued to the "powers that be."—*Sentinel.*

The Girard estate, in Philadelphia, is appraised at $3,702,000. The gross rental is 320,300 annually, being nearly nine per cent. The taxes paid amount to $68,272.

The Saratoga Springs *Saratogian* says the hotels are now filled to their utmost capacity. The receipts of some of them run as high as $5,000 a day.

Cerobro-spinal-meningitis is causing terrible fasality among the horses in New Jersey, and fears are entertained that it will travel over the country.

The German Government has recently invested $10,000,000 in United States five per cent funded loan.

A waterfall 2,000 feet high, or more than twelve times the height of Niagara, has been discovered in British Guiana.

The iron works at Danville Pa., employ when in full operation, 1,200 hands, and turn out 3000 tons of rail per month.

Ben Hill, of Georgia, can say as sensible things in plain language as any hard-fisted man in the land. Mr. Hill is the apostle in his section of the State of the doctrine of home production of home supplies. At the Clayton county Fair, held last week he said: "Now, I affirm, it is cheaper for you to raise your own provisions than to have them brought from the West, and *given* to you at the nearest depot free of all cost and charges! How is this? In the first place, if we raise five millions of bales of cotton, we will get no more money for them than we would get for half that number. Then, out of the same amount realized you pay for raising the five million, *just double* the cost of production! Half the labor and supplies needed in raising five million bales of cotton could be employed in raising supplies without reducing *the value* of the cotton crop one dollar. But half this labor would raise more than you needed for supplies. You could employ much of it, also, in enriching your lands, and improving your property in many ways. Then you would come to the end of the year with your cribs full of corn, your smoke-houses full of meat, your family full of smiles, yourselves full of independence, and your pockets full of money *for investment.* And how would you invest it! In cotton factories on the waterfalls which God sent all through your country to run spindles. This would make you independent of Old England and New England. Then, also, you would mine your own iron and make your own implements of husbandry, and this would make you independent of Pennsylvania foundries and Massachusetts workshops. In a word, every improvement would be built up in your own country, and all the profits of those improvements would go into your own pockets.

Go on as you are now going, making cotton your chief crop and slavery is the doom of your children and your children's children forever! A people who depend on other people for their food and clothing, are and must be slaves. Make cotton your *surplus* crop, and your wealth, independence and power will multiply as surely as the years increase."—*Wm. Star.*

Destructive Water Spout in the Keystone State.

In giving an account of the damage done by a recent rainstorm in Lehigh county, Pennsylvania, the Allentown *Chronicle* says: "It is somewhat remarkable that the very hard rain only visited a semi-circular belt of territory about a mile and a half wide, from four to six miles to northeast of this city, leaving Allentown with only a usual summer rain. In the afternoon, between 5 and 6 o'clock, Hiram J. Schantz, Esq., stood above his mill at the head of Cedar creek, and without any apparent cause he was turned twice around by some invisible force. What is was he cannot divine, for he felt no wind. A moment after he noticed a body of water five or six feet high rushing toward the mill from above, coming from a direction where no creek ran, and which was the water of a waterspout which, it is said, descended near Crackersport, and rushed across the fields carrying fences before it. He ran to the mill and notified the hands to open the gates, which was done. A culvert under the road to convey the water to the mill was washed away and about one-half of the saw-mill, including the water-wheel, was destroyed. In the house the water covered the lower floors, soaking the carpets. The beautiful yard attached is completely ruined, logs and lumber were washed away, and the total loss to Mr. Schantz will reach $5,000."

Strange Infatuation.

An extraordinary delusion possesses the negroes of Spartansburg, S. C. A man named Bobo sets up to be a prophet, having orders from the Almighty to lead the children of Zion to the promised land, distant but one hundred and sixty miles. Sixty poor, deluded followers sold crops, stock and everything they had at a great sacrifice and started. Before they left, Bobo said that it was necessary to make a sacrifice of the oldest person among the faithful. A woman was confined to an out-house until a stick of peculiar growth could be found, with which to kill her. She rejoiced in her fate, and, but for the interposition of the neighboring whites she would certainly have been made a martyr. The last heard of them, says a correspondent of the Charleston *News*, from whose statement we make the above synopsis, they were crossing the mountain in the direction of Tennessee.—*Danville Times.*

In Les Cyques, the county seat of Lyons county, Kansas, a mob of four hundred men have taken possession of the town and arrested the sheriff. They demand Keller, the murderer of his wife, two children and his wife's sister.

A bloody affray in Emanuel county, Ga., between James C. King and McLeod, resulted in the death of both. It grew out of the fact that King had advised his sister-in-law not to receive LeLeods attentions.

Destructive floods are reported from India, no less than thirty-five hundred houses having been swept away in the province of Agra.

Over a thousand medical students have graduated from the various medical schools in the country this spring.

The different public parks in and about London, according to a report lately published, contain a total of 6,118-9 acres.

The Modocs to be Hanged.

A Washington dispatch says: The proceedings of the military commission in the case of the Modoc prisoners arraigned—Captain Jack, Shonchin, Black Jim, Boston Charley, Bancho, alias One-Eyed Jim, and Sloluck, alias Cok, the Modoc Indian captives—were tried as follows: Charge 1, for murder, in violation of the laws of war; charge 2, assault with intent to kill, in violation of the laws of war. The prisoners were found guilty on all the charges and specifications, and the commission does, therefore, sentence them to be hanged by the neck until they be dead, the execution to take place at such time as the proper authority shall direct, two thirds of the members of the commission concurring therein. The President approves these sentences, and orders that they be carried into execution by the proper military authority under the order of the Secretary of War, on the 3rd of October, 1873. The War Department has issued a general order enforcing the above sentences to be executed by the Commanding-General at Fort Klamath.

The man is living who saw a man refuse to exchange forty yards of Kentucky jeans for the lot at the corner of Fourth and Vine streets, on which the Cincinnati post-now stands.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Cuba.

The insurgents in Cuba are active, meeting with partial success, and capturing ammunition, provisions &c., from the Spanish troops. They frequently attack villages and the patriots never had so good an opportunity as at present to advance their cause and to secure their independence, and perhaps never may again. The terrible civil war in Spain, the chaotic condition of that country and the prostration of the finances and credit of the government make it impossible to prosecute the war in Cuba vigorously. Should the conflict in Spain end in the restoration of monarchy—as it will, probably, through the action of foreign governments—a greater effort will be made again to subjugate the Cubans and to fasten the grip of Spain upon the island. Now is the time for the Cubans to put forth all their strength.—*N. Y. Herald.*

England.

Aug. 18.—Austin Bidwell and his confederates in the Bank of England forgery case were arraigned to-day. Counsel for the defendants made an unsuccessful attempt to secure an adjournment. The jury was sworn and the case was formally opened by the prosecuting attorneys.

The weather throughout England to-day is wet and unfavorable to the growing crops.

Aug. 19.—By the caving of a tunnel at Shepton-Mallet, Somerset, four workingmen were killed and twenty wounded.

Egypt.

Aug. 19.—Sir Samuel Baker and lady who have so successfully battled against the slave trade in Africa, have had a break down at Shadwan Island, about 300 miles from Suez. Steamers have gone to their assistance and will bring them off. No injuries sustained.

Aug. 22.—An English steamer was wrecked in the Red Sea, near the eastern entrance. The captain and officers were lost. Thirty-six of the men succeeded in gaining the land, but fell into the hands of the Somaulees, a Mohammedan tribe, on the shore of the Gulf of Aden, by whom they are held prisoners.

Italy.

ROME Aug. 21.—The King's government has received intelligence of the destruction of a noted band of robbers, who had for a long time operated in the vicinity of Salerno.

Six of the brigands were killed and the others captured.

Spain.

Dates from Cartagena of the 16th, are not pleasing or by any means encouraging to the cause of the people as it is championed by the Spaniards. Democrats, radicals and "reds" were in partisan uproar and engaged in a political strife leading to actual hostilities against life and property. Non-combatants were fleeing from the town in great numbers. Estate and industry were affrighted and the idea of a general distribution of wealth and capital advocated by the Communists. Intransigentes' gunners fired on a Spanish government squadron. Murcia was taken by the republican army. The fate of Berga remained somewhat uncertain; its battles and capture and recapture were being fought over and over again in paper bulletins by democrats and Bourbonists.

On the 16th inst., an unsuccessful attempt was made upon the life of Don Alfonso, the brother of Don Carlos. The would-be assassin, whose motive is not stated, was taken and executed.

Aug. 19.—A desperate engagement has taken place between a force of Carlists, numbering 2,400 men, and three columns of Spanish republicans.

The battle was fought in the open country between the towns of Berga and Caseras, and resulted in the defeat of the republicans, with a loss of 200 men and one gun.

Telegrams from Spain, dated in Madrid on the 21st inst., bring intelligence of quite an animated character, particularly with the respect to the progress of the war. The Madrid government announces the occurrence of a bloody battle between the republican and Carlist insurrectionist forces near Berga, ending in a brilliant victory for the government army. The Carlists sustained a most severe defeat after a desperate conflict. They had ninety men killed and three hundred wounded. Generals Saballs and Tristany, two of the most valiant and faithful of Don Carlos' commanders, were laid on the field wounded. The siege of Berga has been raised and the insurgents are in full retreat from their position of threat against the municipality.

Madrid dates of the 23rd state that the Spanish fleet commenced bombarding Cartagena, on the day previous.

The civil and military authorities of the Communist administration quarreled and had come to actual conflict in which a number of men were killed and wounded on both sides.

The Carlists, instigated by the Priests, burn all the records of civil marriages they capture.

Mutiny among the artillerymen in the garrison at Barcelona against their officers was discovered, and the mutineers arrested.

MADRID, Aug. 26.—On Sunday a severe engagement took place near the town of Estella, between 5,000 Government troops and 3,000 Carlists, under Ollo. The Carlists were defeated. Ollo was wounded.

Mrs. Peter G. Stuyvesant died quite suddenly on Monday last, aged eighty-four years, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Dr. Watts, New York city. Mrs. Stuyvesant was a daughter of John Rutherford and Helen Morris, daughter of Lewis Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Two ladies in Georgia Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Chambers, have fallen heir to $12,000,000 from a French estate. They are making preparations to go to France after their fortune. It is not stated whether they are widows or not.

At a masquerade at Saratoga, Mr. Cochrane, of South Carolina, wore a costume entirely of Confederate money—$50,000 worth.

The salary of President Grant is over six hundred bushels of corn, or two bales of upland cotton, a day, with house, fuel, lights, stables and grounds free.

The coal fields of Tennessee occupy no less than 3,840,000 acres, being 300,000 in excess of the united coal fields of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Some of the strata are known to be 100 feet in thickness.

The fencing in of Niagara Falls on the American side will be likely to drive visitors over to Clifton, on the Canada side. This has been the dullest season known at the Falls for years.

STATE ITEMS.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

From a private letter we learn the following particulars of a terrible accident in Rutherford county recently:

On Sunday afternoon, the 10th inst., about three miles from the town of Rutherfordton, Mr. Nash Goode and family were returning from church. Mr. Goode's sister and two children were riding one horse, and Mr. Taylor was walking. A sudden wind blew down an old tree which fell upon the party, killing Miss Goode, one of the children and the horse, and broke the collar bone of the other child.—Miss Goode was not killed instantly, but surgical aid could do her no good. The third child will recover.—*Piedmont Press.*

On the 12th instant a very distressing accident occurred by fire in Wilkes county about ten miles below Wilkesboro. A colored man by the name of Parks and his wife were absent from home, engaged in gathering blackberries and during their absence their house caught fire. They had three little children whom they had left alone to care for each other, and being too young to have sufficient discretion to save themselves by leaving the house, remained and were completely consumed.

This should be a warning to persons who are in the habit of leaving small children alone, while they are absent.—*Statesville Intelligencer.*

The Raleigh *News* says: We learn that there is living on Roanoke Island, a woman 130 years of age, whose eyesight is as good as it was when a child, and can with ease, thread a cambric needle. She is not only in the enjoyment of perfect health, but retains her mental faculties unimpaired, and can walk a mile or two with the ease of a "thirty year old" of her sex. As this lady had no acquaintance with George Washington and never saw Lafayette, we have full confidence in the statement of our friend, whose word is as good as his bond.

The Charlotte *Observer* says: On Saturday last, Mr. William Wallace, of Mecklenburg county, was painfully and seriously bitten by a vicious horse. Mr. Wallace and a nephew of his were riding along the road, when the horse which his nephew was riding caught Mr. Wallace by the knee, and raising him entirely out of the saddle threw him heavily to the ground. The teeth of the horse cut Mr. Wallace's pants, and penetrated clear through the flesh to the bone. The wounds are very painful and may prove serious.

The Charlotte *Democrat* says: hundreds of citizens of North and South Carolina, who heretofore went to the Virginia Springs and other Summer resorts further North, have this year patronized Western North Carolina. Never before were so many people one the way to cooling places in the Western part of the State.

From the Charlotte *Democrat* we learn: In the two cases against the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad Company, for damages for not shipping cotton at as low rates as was alleged was agreed upon by contract during the presidency of Col. William Johnston, the Court gave judgment against the railroad for $11,000.

The Raleigh Sentinel says: Hon David Settle, of Rockingham county, met with a painful accident, a few days ago at Piedmont Springs, Catawba county, by being thrown from a horse against a tree. His injuries, we learn, are painful, but not dangerous.

Ex-Governor Vance, has been appointed one of the permanent Vice-Presidents of the Southern Historical Society. This Society is now in session at White Sulphur Springs, Virginia.

The vote of Rowan county on the proposition to make a county subscription to the Yadkin railroad (designed to run from Cheraw to Salisbury) resulted in a majority against subscription.

The grape vine planted nearly two centuries ago on Roanoke Island, by Sir Walter Raleigh, is still flourishing. It is nine feet in circumference at the base and its branches cover an acre. The wine produced from one crop of its grapes is said to be worth nearly $3,000.

N. C. Military Institute at Charlotte will be re-opened 1st of October—Col. J. P. Thomas of Columbia, S. C. has leased the building for a term of years, and is now making arrangements to conduct a first-class institution for training young men. The name will be changed to Carolina Military Institute.

Jim Dial, the alleged murderer of Floyd Oxendine and who has been outlawed by the authorities of Robeson county, has been shot and kill by a *posse* who were in search of him.

The lawyers of Greensboro' headed by Judge Tourgee, have formed a Bar Association.

GENERAL NEWS.

Wars Now Going On.

When the millenium comes there will be universal peace in this little planet of ours, but not before. Universal peace societies do not prevent men from cutting their throats nor nations from slaughtering people by the million. Men will never beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning hooks. The New York *World* enumerates the wars now going on:

I. An internecine war between the Republican Government of Spain and Don Carlos, the legitimate heir of Bourbons to the throne. This war has continued for some time, with varying success. At present there seems no hope of a decided victory by either army.

II. The war between Cuba and the mother country. This struggle has continued for four years. It has been prosecuted with vigor on both sides and ferocity on one. The end is not yet.

III. The war between Russia and Khiva. The telegrams have informed us lately that Khiva was captured and the Khan conquered. Our morning dispatches contradict this rumor. Russia, though she will doubtless ultimately be successful, will have to earn her conquest of the Khanate of Khan and fighting his soldiers.

IV. The war between the Dutch and the Sultan atchem. This conflict will, after the close of the present armed neutrality, break out before many months with renewed fury.

V. The war between Sir Samuel Baker and his forces and the slave dealers of the White Nile. Late dispatches show that the painful rumor of the death of this hard explorer and his accomplished wife has no truth in it. Sir Samuel is therefore now executing his mission in the very heart of Africa.

To all these wars must be added the occasional conflicts that occur on the banks of the Rio Grande between the Mexicans and the Texans; the chronic revolutions of Central and South America; the difficulties between the English in India and the wild tribes on the northern frontier—difficulties finally to be settled only by force of arms; and the internal struggles leading to occasional bloodshed, in most countries of the world, not exception our own.

Another Indian Fight.

THE YELLOW STONE EXPEDITION.

MUSSEL SHELL RIVER, August 19.—The abundant preparations made by the Yellow Stone expedition for the reception of the Indians have been fully justified. On the 4th of August a demonstration was made by a small party of Indians against General Custer, who with Bloody Knife and a squadron of cavalry, had been detailed by General Stanly to go on several miles in advance of the wagons and look up the road. These Indians were easily driven off, but they proved a decoy of a large party in a neighboring wood waiting in ambush for the cavalry. Finding that their ruse had failed, the Indians to the number of 300 boldly rode out and advanced on the grove occupied by the cavalry. General Custer had only one squadron of 80 men, under command of Captain Mayler. These men were dismounted, and a skirmish line formed. The Indians also dismounted and formed a semi-circular line around the cavalry, who had the river at their back. After a fight of three hours General Custer's ammunition gave out, he then charged the Indians, who fled precipitately, dropping many of their equipments. One man and one horse wounded formed the extent of Custer's loss. The Indians had two killed and several wounded, besides losing several horses.

While the fight was going on several Indians, who were searching for stragglers from the train, came upon Dr. Housinger, veterinary surgeon, and Mr. Bolarin, sutler, and John Ball of the cavalry, and killed and stripped them of their clothes and valuables.

General Stanly directed General Custer to take the cavalry, numbering 450 men, follow the trail, and if possible, overtake and punish the Indians. General Custer left on the 8th, and on the morning of the 11th he was attacked by about 800 Indians, who came down the river and fired on his camp. The firing was returned for two or three hours, both parties using the trees as a cover. A party of 300 Indians then crossed the river and endeavored to gain the bluff in rear of the troops; but they failed, and General Custer ordering a charge the men pursued the savages for eight miles. Just at this time the train came, and fire was opened on the Indians with artillery. A few shots dispersed them, and the fight ended.

The battle was quite a fierce one, General Custer and his adjutant had their horses shot under them. Lieutenant Broden was badly shot in the thigh. General Custer's orderly was killed, and twenty soldiers slightly wounded. Several horses were killed and wounded. The Indian's loss is estimated by General Custar at forty killed and wounded.

The expedition is now homeward bound, and expects to reach Fort Rice by the 1st of October.

A terrible accident occurred at half past ten o'clock on the night of the 15th inst., near Lemont, on the Chicago and Alton railroad, an incoming freight train colliding with a south bound express passenger, almost entirely wrecking the latter. The cars caught fire, and numbers of the wounded were burned badly, while others were scalded by the hot water from the locomotive boilers. The deaths have so far reached eighteen.

The recent horrible accident alone was the result, the engineer says, of his watch being behind time.

Additional accounts of the railroad accident on the Chicago and Alton Road, state that the train started from Willow station according to the best evidence at ten minutes behind time, and as it is customary on this road to made up lost time undoubtedly rate speed was somewhat accelerated. The conductor and engineer knew they were to pass the coal train at Lemont, seven miles distant but unhappily that train did not wait as it should have done but came on toward the passenger train expecting to make Willow Station. It was a race for life. The conductor and engineer of the coal train knew that the passenger train, laden with precious lives, was in front, and if they did not reach the switch by a certain time a collision was inevitable. Both trains were rushing toward their destruction as they flew over the iron way through darkness, the speed increasing at every revolution of the wheels. There were three concussions; First, when the engines met and were destroyed; second, when the baggage cars struck and were smashed into fragments, and third, when the smoking car collided and leaped into the air alighting on the fractured boiler of the freight engine. The remains of the passenger train engine were thrown from the track toward the east, and so were the ruins of the baggage car. Then came the smoking car on top of the boiler. The fore part of this car was burst in by the force with which it struck the hind wheels remaining on the track. On there it stood at an angle of 30 degrees, the passengers imprisoned, in broken iron and wood while deadly steam came up with terrific force from the boiler below, scalding those whom it touched instantly, peeling off the skin and causing the most excruciating agony. One moment was sufficient to cause death, but many were there several minutes before being extricated. One breath was fatal, the inner surface of the chest and lungs being fearfully scorched.

We give the above details in order to show that the most culpable negligence is often the cause of the frequent accidents. It is useless to try to reach the feelings of those gigantic Rail Road monopolies, by imprisoning their employees. They care very little about that. The only way is to reach their pockets, and make them pay for damages sustained. If the laws are not strong enough for them, let our Legislatures make them so.

The public debt of Europe is only about $17,000,000,000.

Land was recently sold in the city of London at the rated of £32 a foot, over $8,000,000 an acre.

New York only covers 14,000 acres.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Winston enjoyed a picnic on Friday last, in the Court-house Square. The Methodist Sunday School of Greensboro, accompanied by numerous friends, arrived at the depot about 10 o'clock, and marched to the Court-house Square, where they were welcomed by Rev. Mr. Cole, pastor of the Methodist Church, Rev. Mr. Cunningham responding in a neat and pertinent address. Preparations had been made for the accommodation of the large assemblage. In the afternoon Salem came in for a share of the visit, and our streets were lively with the smiling faces of the children. Everything passed off woll.

The grape crop in this vicinity is not as large as last year, although our market is well supplied with delicious Delaware, Concord, Ives, Isabella and other varieties, and serve as elegant deserts.

The fruit in Mr. Linvill's vineyard was considerably injured by the recent wet spell, causing the grapes to burst open and drop off the bunches. The yield of wine will therefore not be as great as last year. Mr. Mickey's vines are not so full, and his wine crop will no doubt be cut short.—Last year he made 2,500 gallons of wine, while this year he expects to realize only about 500 gallons. Mr. Wheeler's vineyard is quite young, but is doing finely, and he expects to make a considerable quantity of wine this season. Spring frosts and the recent wet spell have injured his crop.

LIGHT UP THE STREETS.—We would like to see the street lamps put to use again. For a number of years we have groped our way at night in the dark, when we ventured out in the absence of the moon, at the risk of experiencing the disagreeable sensation of running against railing on the side walks, or bringing up suddenly, and sometimes painfully against a tree or even against the very posts which support the "dark-lanterns," on our streets.

We think arrangements might be made to use gas, at a comparatively small expense. If too expensive, coal oil lamps might be substituted. We hope our Commissioners will not only take the subject into consideration, but act promptly in this matter and give our city more light.

WAR ON THE BIRDS.—There was an uproarious fusilade on Saturday evening last, directed against the martins that roost in the shade trees in front of Messrs. Joseph Stockton's and Wm. Dettmar's residences.

We like these insectivorous warblers, because they are social in their habits and very useful in destroying numerous insects, which would in their absence, perhaps, annoy us much more than these innocent birds do. The filth occasioned by them is certainly disagreeable, but, better bear these ills for a time, than wantonly destroy a number of martins without affording any relief.

We learn that angry words passed between certain parties on the occasion of the war on the birds,—but we would advise all parties to keep cool, as these birds will soon be gone, and we know they will be welcomed back again in the Spring.

The following rich morceau of rhyme was handed us for publication:

THE HOG LAW.

The town Council met, and wisely decreed,
That for hogs to run in the streets, there was no need;
So in order to let the good people all know it,
They had bills printed, and stuck up, to show it.
And Naman was told that all the hogs found
On the streets must be taken and put in the pound.
Then the owners of all such unfortunate swine,
Could go and redeem them by paying a fine;
But if they refused to pay for, and take them,
And as there is no law for Naman to make them,
They are put up at auction, and to the highest bidder sold,
And it matters not how much the owners may scold.
Then sad indeed, is the fate of the hog,
That gets in the clutches of Naman's large dog.

With the *Sentinel* after the Bank, and the *Republican* after Messrs. Fries and Belo, we may expect *hard times* in old Salem. We will endeavor to keep cool, however, if it can be done this sweltering weather.

The lawyers are trying to pull the Commissioners about in various ways, and we fear some more will feel like resigning before long.

We call attention to the Summer announcement of J. L. Fulkerson. Rare bargains are offered, and at prices below the cost of *importation*. A finer display of Goods, and at more reasonable prices, cannot be found in this section of country. Go and see for yourselves. In these days of *cheap transportation*, goods can be bought here at retail at prices which will please all classes of buyers.

A dog belonging to E. Belo, Esq., having escaped from his enclosure, attacked and prostrated Mrs. A. Minung, while she was passing through the grove leading to the cemetery. No serious damage was sustained, however.

ANOTHER PIC NIC.—Several Sunday Schools will visit this place on Saturday next, (30th inst.) Arrangements have been made in our beautiful Public Square for their accommodation.

We are under obligations to Dr. Wheeler for a sample of his fine grapes, which we enjoyed very much.

See card of Baughman Brothers & Co., one of the leading houses in Richmond. Fair dealing and reasonable prices.

DIED.—Mr. M. T. Benton, a highly respected citizen of Germanton, Stokes Co., who has been in delicate health for some time, departed this life on the 17th inst. He leaves a family and numerous friends to mourn his loss.

☞ Horses, Harness, Wagons, Hack, for sale by Wimmer & Co. See bills tomorrow.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—The ECLECTIC for September is on our Table, and is embellished with an exceptionally life-like and finely engraved portrait of the late Chief Justice Chase. Besides the editorial sketch of Mr. Chase; Lectures on Mr. Darwin's Philosophy of Language, by Prof. Max Muller; Marriage in France; The Brontes; The Planet Mars. An Essay by a Whewellite; Veni Sancte Spiritus. A Hymn by Dean Stanley; Too Soon. A Novel, by the author of "Patty"—concluded; Daniel O'Cannell; Pekin; The Weather and the Sun, by Richard A. Proctor, F.R.S.; A Run to Vienna and Pesth; Manzoni; Paul Templar, a Prose Idyll by Edward Jenkins; and A Lost Art. The editorial departments deal with literature, science, and art, and form an entertaining and valuable feature of the magazine. Published by E. R. Pelton, 108 Fulton street, New York. Terms, $5 a year; two copies, $9. Single number 45 cents.

NOTHING finer has yet been produced in this country in the form of a magazine than the September ALDINE. Europe and America have been put under contribution to furnish the most marvellously beautiful pictures which the best artists can produce. Mr. A. F. Bunner has a series of three magnificent views in the Rocky Mountains, made expressly for THE ALDINE. A full-page view of Clear Creek Canon, Rocky Mauntains, opens up the wonderful grandeur of those hidden solitudes in a way to make them seem real; a large picture of the Snowy Range of the Sierra Madre is wild, gloomy and grand, while a sketch of the interior of the Rocky Mountains, gives one the impression that the world is made of mountains. Mr. John Hows, a New York artist, has a full-page study of "Brookside Willows," remarkable for its faithful interpretation of nature and minute detail. A finer picture is seldom seen. Mary A. Hallock gives a society sketch called "Who is it?" of two ladies peeping down stairs to catch a glimpse of the man at the hall door. Dore, the great French artist, furnishes two large pictures illustrating the fairy tale of the "Sleeping Beauty." One of these shows the wonderful "Sleeping Palace," with the huntsmen in profound slumber; the other mirrors the "Sleeping Beauty" in her vine-covered balcony in the golden sunlight. These two pictures are magical in their effect, and full of the subtle genius of Dore. Peter Moran has a carefully drawn picture called "An American Farm Scene" which is truthful and characteristic. There is also a fine picture of the "Emperor Charles V. and Titian," after Becker, which illustrates a well-known historical event. "A Skye Terrier," closes the grand list of illustrations for September. There is a decided improvement in the descriptive letterpress of the engravings, particularly in the articles on "Colorado" and "Sleeping Beauty." "Rena" is an exquisite poem by Mrs. Dorr and reminds one of Tennyson's "Lecksley Hall." In short, the literary department of this number is excellent. Subscription price $5, including two Chromos "Village Belle" and "Crossing the Moor." James Sutton & Co., publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, New York.

Tobacco Association.

A large number of tobacco growers, manufacturers and buyers from all parts of this State met in Greensboro on the 19th, to form an association. It was organized and called the Tobacco Association of North Carolina. Dr. T. W. Keen, of Salisbury, was elected President and Eugene Morehead, of Greensboro, Vice-President.

John M. Morris, of Greensboro, Secretary, and Henry Hart, of Forsyth, Treasurer.

Among the Executive Committee are Dr. Brown, of Davie, H. Scales, of Forsyth, Jno. M. Brower, of Surry, and N. Dalton, of Stokes.

The meeting then adjourned to meet there on the seventh of October next.

U. S. COMMISSIONER'S COURT.—Last week the cases of United States *vs.* William and John Stipe on the charges of distilling and selling spirituous liquors without license, before U. S. Commissioner, J. P. Vest, were dismissed, not sufficient evidence appearing to bind the parties over.

In another case on Wednesday, same parties charged with illicit rectifying of spirits, waived the evidence, and were bound over to the Federal Court, in the sum of two hundred dollars.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Mr. W. H. Holderness, in attempting to cross Townfork, at high water, near Germanton, in Stokes county, last week, came very near a watery grave. The current swept horse, buggy and all down stream, and Mr. Holderness saved himself by clinging to the friendly limb of a tree, the horse making his way out, finally.

GODY'S LADY'S BOOK for September has already been received, full of charming sketches and stories from popular writers, and music, the fashions, gossip, editorial chit chat, &c. This is a very interesting number. Address Godey's Lady's Magazine, Philadelphia.

NARROWLY ESCAPED.—The Hickory *Press* of Wednesday says: Gaither Hall, (of Hall & Patterson, merchants), narrowly escaped drowning in Horse Ford Creek, one night last week. He was returning from Lenoir and reached the creek, which had been swollen by the recent rains, about 10 o'clock at night. The horse was swept down the current, and by some miraculous providence, both the horse and rider escaped a terrible death by drowning.

One of the Siamese twins was recently summoned as a juror in a case in North Carolina. Chang was summoned, and Eng had to accompany him. And now exception is taken to the verdict on the ground that a man not a member of the jury was present in the jury-room where it was agreed upon. So 'tis said.

The train ran over and killed Mr. Z. G. Hege's cow, near this place, last week.

More rain Tuesday, wheat and corn is looking down in price.

BAUGHMAN BROTHERS & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Paper Bags and Flour Sacks,
And Dealers in every variety of
Papers, Twines, Envelopes,
GENERAL STATIONERY, &c.,
1310 Main Street,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
Aug. 28, 1873.—35-6m.

HARVEY & JONES,
GENERAL WHOLESALE
GROCERS
AND
LIQUOR MERCHANTS,
COMMERCIAL BLOCK,
Corner of Carey and 13th Streets,
RICHMOND, VA.
July 17, 1873. 29-12m

DIED,

Near this place on Monday night, Mrs. NANCY LADECK, in the 65th year of her age.

THE MARKETS.

Corrected by R. A. Wommack & Co., Dealer in General Merchandise.

Corn,	70	a	Salt Liverpool	1 95	a 2 10
Wheat,	1 40	a 1.60	" American,		2 25
Flour,	3 80	a 4 00	Candles ads.	20	a 25
Meal,	2	a 2	Oils, Linseed,	0.00	a 1.25
Chop,	1¾	a 2	" Kerosene,	50	a 60
Bacon,	12	a 15	Sheetings, Fries' A.		12½
Pork,	7 00	a 8.00	" " B.		12
Lard,	11	a 12	Yarn, Fries, per bun		1.60
Eggs,	12	a 15	Iron,	6	a 8
Molasses,	28	a 40	Nails,	7	a 8
Cheese Fac.	18	a 25	Hides, green,	7	Dry 15
" Mount.	15	a 00	Tallow,	10	a 12
Butter,	20	a 00	Beeswax,	28	a 30
Peas,	70	a 00	Clover Seed,		
Apples, green,	50	a 0.00	Home grown;	0.00	a 0.00
" dried,	4	a 8	Barrels Flour, Fruit		50
Potatoes, sw.	00	a 00	Brick,	6.00	a 10.00
" irish,	50	a 00	Shingles,		
Coffee,	25	a 30	Long leaf pine,	4.50	a 5.25
Sugar,	10	a 14	Hay, per cwt.	40	a 50
" crushed,	15	a 18	Rags,	3	a 4

Green Peaches 50 a 75.-dry, 15 a 18.

WINSTON TOBACCO MARKET.

REPORTED BY WINSTON TOBACCO ASSOCIATION.

NEW TOBACCO.

Lugs—Common,	6 50	to 7 00
" Medium,	7 00	to 7 50
Leaf—Common,	8 00	to 9 00
" Medium,	9 00	to 11 50
Bright Smokers—Common,	8 00	to 11 00
" " Fancy,	12 00	to 16 00
Wrappers—Common.	9 00	to 12 00
" Good to Fine,	12 00	to 25 00
" Fancy,	25 00	to 50 00

Market active, demand increasing.

DANVILLE TOBACCO MARKET.

Lugs - Medium,	$6 00	to 7 00
" Good,	7 00	to 8 00
" Common Bright,	7 00	to 9 00
" Fancy Smokers,	15 00	to 18 00
Leaf—Common Red,	6 00	to 7 00
" Good,	8 00	to 10 00
" Common Bright,	15 00	to 25 00
" Good Bright,	25 00	to 40 00
" Fancy Wrappers,	60 00	to 80 00

New York, August 25.—Cotton, 20 a 20½ Flour, $6 40 to $7 85; Corn, 58 a 60 Wheat, 1 64 a 1 70; Gold, 1 15½ a 0 00; Bonds N. C. old, 00 a 00, new 00 a 00.

Baltimore, August 25.—Cotton 00 0 00 Flour 6 60a 6 67; Wheat, $1 50 a $1 60; Corn, white, 00 a 60, yellow, 00 a; 72 Oats, 46 a 49 Bacon, 9 a 10; Whisky, 95 a 00; Lard 10½ a 10

Petersburg, August 20.—Flour, 7 50 a 8 00 Wheat, red $1 65 a $1 90, white, $0 00 a $2 00; Corn, 75 a 76; Bacon, hog round 10a 11.

Charlotte, August 26.—Bacon 13 a 13 Flour, 4 25 a 4 65; Corn, 68 a 70; Oats, 45 a 50 Wheat, $ 1 50 a $1 60; Whisky, $0 00 a 0 00 Peas, 75 a 100: Lard, 12 a 13.

Fayetteville, August 20.-Bacon 12½ to 14 Flour, $6 00 a $7 00 Corn a $1 15 Oats, 000 80; Rye, $1 25; Wheat, $1 50; Lard, 12 a 15 Whisky, $2 25; a $2 75; Brandy, $2 50. Salt, $1 75 a $1 85

Richmond, August 26.-Wheat, $165 a $1 65 Corn 73 a 77; Oats 45 a 00; Flour, superfine 7 25. a 7 25

HEADQUARTERS FOR SUGAR
AT LOWEST PRICES,
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
Aug. 21, J. L. FULKERSON.

JOHN C. DAY,
OF NORTH CAROLINA WITH
THOS. D. TOY & CO.,
Successors to KING & TOY,
Wholesale Druggists,
No. 144 Main Street,
NORFOLK, VA.
July 17,-29-6m.

Richmond & Danville Railroad,
(NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.)

Transportation Department,
Company Shops, N. C., July 31, 1873.

SCHEDULE FOR TRAIN ON SALEM BRANCH
To Take Effect August 1st, 1873.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.
Salem,		4.40 P. M.
Kernersville	5.15 P. M.	5.30
Friendship,	6.05	6.10
New Garden,	6.27	6.29
Salem Junction,	6.47	6.48
Greensboro,	7.00 P. M.	

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.
Greensboro,		11.20 P. M
Salem Junction,	11.33 P. M.	11.34
New Garden,	11.52	11.54
Friendship,	12.11 A. M.	12.16
Kernersville,	12.51	1.05 A. M.
Salem,	1.40 A. M.	

Aug. 7-32. W. H. GREEN, Master Transportation.

That Favorite Home Remedy,
PAIN-KILLER,
Has been before the public over THIRTY YEARS, and probably has a wider and bettter reputation than any other proprietary medicine of the present day. At this period there are but few unacquainted with the merits of the PAIN-KILLER; but, while some extol it as a liniment, they know but little of its power in easing pain when taken internally; while others use it internally with great success, but are equally ignorant of its healing virtues when applied externally. We therefore wish to say to all, that it is equally successful, whether used internally or externally. It is sufficient evidence of its virtues as a standard medicine to know that it is now used in all parts of the world, and that its sale is constantly increasing. No curative agent has had such a wide spread sale or given such universal satisfaction.

DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is a purely vegetable compound, prepared from the best and purest materials, and with a care that insures the most perfect uniformity in the medicine; and while it is a most effective remedy for pain, it is a perfectly safe medicine, even in the most unskilful hands.

It is eminently a FAMILY MEDICINE; and by being kept ready for immediate resort, will save many an hour of suffering, and many a dollar in time and doctor's bills.

After over thirty years trial, it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials to its virtues, from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent Physicians commend it as a most effectual preparation for the extinction of pain. It is not only the best remedy ever known for Bruises, Cuts, Burns, &c., but for Dysentery, or Cholera, or any sore of bowel complaint, it is a remedy unsurpassed for efficiency, and rapidity of action. In the great cities of India, and other hot climates, it has become the standard medicine for all such complaints, as well as for Dyspepsia. Liver Complaints, and all other kindred disorders. For Coughs and Colds, Canker, Asthma, and Rheumatic difficulties, it has been proved by the most abundant and convincing testimony to be an invaluable medicine.

We would caution the public against all imitations of our preparation, either in name or style o putting up. Aug. 7,-32.

E. A. PFOHL. J. H. STOCKTON.
WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL!!
Magnificent display of
New Spring Goods
AT
Pfohl & Stockton's
IN
SALEM AND WINSTON, N. C.
—:o:—
DRY GOODS
in great variety, comprising the latest styles of
DRESS GOODS.
Novelties In Notions.
SHOES and BOOTS of the most desirable make.
HATS.—the latest.
DRUGS of the purest and most genuine.
HARDWARE in abundance.
GROCERIES, the cheapest.
QUEESWARE, unsurpassed.
Our wholesale department is complete.
Call and examine our stock. Accommodating and polite salesmen. No trouble to show Goods.
Agents for Falls of Neuse paper mills. Sell their goods at Manufacturers's prices. ☞ Want all the Rags in the country. Every convenience for wagoners and their teams.
PFOHL & STOCKTON.
SUCCESSORS TO T. C. PFOHL,
May 1, 1873. **Established in 1831.**

1873. SPRING. 1873.
AT BLICKENDERFER'S NOTION AND VARIETY STORE.
NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED
HAMBURG EDGINGS & INSERTINGS,
COTTON & LINEN GIMPS & FRINGES,
EMBROIDERIES, FANS, PARASOLS, &c.
I invite particular attention to my new and beautiful line of
SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE, SALEM, N. C.
1873. SPRING. 1873.

HAGAN'S

Magnolia Balm
A FEW APPLICATIONS MAKE A
Pure Blooming Complexion.
It is Purely Vegetable, and its operation is seen and felt at once. It does away with the Flushed Appearance caused by Heat, Fatigue, and Excitement. Heals and removes all Blotches and Pimples, dispelling dark and unsightly spots. Drives away Tan, Freckles, and Sunburn, and by its gentle but powerful influence mantles the faded cheek with
YOUTHFUL BLOOM AND BEAUTY.
Sold by all Druggist and Fancy Stores. Depot, 9 Park Place, New York.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company.
Assets over $35,000,000 00
Surplus over liabilities $5,139,088,18
Ratio of Expenses to receipts only 7.53 per cent.
All policies non-forfeitable after second annual payment.
Dividend paid at end of first year.
The best Company, because it gives the MOST *safe* Insurance for the least money.
J. A. LINEBACK, *Agent.*
Salem, N. C. June 5, 1873.-23-3m.

LIVERY STABLE!

THE undersigned respectfully inform the public that their **Livery and Sale Stable,** Salem, N. C., is in full operation, and supplied with good horses and vehicles for hire. Parties arriving by Railroad sent to any point at low rates.
Horses bought and sold and taken on Livery.
DOUTHIT & CO.
☞ Office at the Store of R. A. Wommack & Co.
July 24, 1873. 30-3m

A Pair of Fine Mules FOR SALE.
ANY person wishing to purchase a pair of heavy dark bay mules, sixteen hands high, five years old, can be accommodated by addressing
P. H. POINDEXTER,
East Bend, Yadkin County, N. C. ju.31-4w

LIST OF LETTERS,
REMAINING in the Post Office at Salem, N. C. Aug. 1st, 1873.

LADIES' LIST.

Mrs. Manda Adam, Miss Lieucenia Butner, Miss C. E. Beck, Mrs. Luvisa Johnson, Mrs. Grace Masten, Miss Martha Vest.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

George Beck, Jos. H. Bitting, Jessie Davis, E. V. Hester, James Hege, James Howell, (col'd.) Absalem Livengood, Eli Murgan, Jacob W. Parnell, L. Runnels, Patrick Sweney, Jas. A. Stockton, Abram Tige, Wesley Vest, Jol C. Wilson, J. C. Wilson, James Watson.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

EVERY PURCHASER OF STORE GOODS
IS INTERESTED IN KNOWING THAT
PATTERSON & CO.
STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP A VERY LARGE
MISCELLANEOUS AND DESIRABLE STOCK OF
SEASONABLE MERCHANDISE,
which they offer at exceedingly low prices. Goods not on hand will be ordered.
PATTERSON & CO., are also paying the highest market prices for
Dried Fruit and Blackberries.

Patterson & Co.
in order to make room for the
FALL PURCHASE,
offer extraordinary bargains in all goods, especially
DRESS GOODS,
carried over from last season.
These Goods are not damaged in the least and are perfect in every respect. Many of the styles will be fashionable this winter, and parties
WILL SAVE MONEY
TO BUY THEIR WINTER SUPPLIES NOW, Customers, Friends and Strangers are requested to call and examine our goods. In every case we will endeavor to make prices so **INVITING** that a purchase will be the manifest interest of every one.
PATTERSON & CO.
Salem, N. C., Aug. 15, 1873.

SUMMER, 1873.
J. L. FULKERSON
IS ADDING SOME NEW ATTRACTIONS, MORE OR LESS,
EVERY WEEK,
TO HIS FINE STOCK OF
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
"AT PRICES CHEAPER THAN EVER."
The GRASS SUITINGS are NICE and CHEAP.
The FINE PIQUE WELTS are sold at prices below cost of importation, and newest styles of
WHITE GOODS, CALICOES, &c.,
AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES.
KID GLOVES,
A **LEXANDER'S and JOUVIN'S New Shades"** for Ladie's and Gentlemen.
J. L. FULKERSON.

GO TO
WOMMACK'S
IF YOU WANT
GOOD BARGAINS!
THEY'VE GOT THEIR
NEW GOODS,
AND LOTS OF THEM,
AND WILL SELL THEM CHEAP.
☞ They will give you the highest market price for your Produce Corn, Wheat, Peas, Rye, Oats, Eggs, Butter, &c., &c.
Salem, N. C., May 8, 1873.

W. A. LASH, Jr., CABEL HAIRSTON, } Proprietors. O. C. SMITH, Auctioneer.
LASH'S NEW WAREHOUSE,
WINSTON, N. C.
Is now open for the sale of Leaf Tobacco.
OUR HOUSE IS SITUATED ON THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN, **NEREST THE DEPOT** and has
Eight large Sky Lights, with a South Light,
which gives it the advantage of other houses in the place. All we ask is a trial, and we guarantee the
HIGHEST MARKET PRICES.
March 1873.. LASH & HAIRSTON.

Has been before the American public OVER THIRTY years. It has never yet failed to give perfect satisfaction, and has justly been styled the panacea for all external Wounds, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, &c., &c., for Man and Beast. No family should be a single day without this Liniment. The money refunded unless the Liniment is as represented. Be sure and get the genuine MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. Sold by all Druggists and Country Stores, at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per Bottle. Notice style, size of bottle, &c.

Poetry.

SPARE THE HORSE.

O, teamster, spare that horse,
How hard he tries to go;
There's load enough for two,
Don't strike another blow.
Give him a helping hand,
Or ease the load, I pray,
And he your kindness will
A thousand fold repay.

How patiently he toils,
All through the heat and cold,
A faithful servant still,
Though wearied, worn and old.
Poor, dumb, unconscious brute!
And yet he seems to know,
Caressing oft the hand,
That deals the cruel blow.

What an imploring look,
And what a knowing eye,
And yet without the power
To utter e'en a cry.
See how he writhes and shakes,
While smarting with the pain,
Oh, cruel driver, pause!
Don't strike the brute again.

Humanity, at last,
Brought to a sense of shame,
Will punish those who give
Unnecessary pain.
Oh, driver, spare that horse,
How hard he tries to go;
There's load enough for two,
Don't strike another blow.

Humorous.

How Mr. Cobleigh was Sold.

Mr. Cobleigh, of Nelson-street, bought three hens, Saturday night, and put them under a box until he could build a coop. Sunday morning he saw one of them in the street, and bestowiug a brief curse on the somebody who had overturned the box, and jeopardized his property, he started out after it, to drive it back into the yard. It took fifteen minutes to convince him that that hen could not be driven into that yard, and then he attempted to catch it. Three times he rose up with his hands full of feathers, and his chin full of sand, but still that hen eluded him. Once he got her cornered, and thought sure he had it, but it flew straight up over his head, and flapped its wings in his face, and filled his eyes with dust. O, how mad Mr. Cobleigh was. It was Sunday morning. The bells were ringing, people were starting to church, and there he was in the street, with no coat or hat on, and with nothing but slippers on his feet, and every once in awhile one of them would come off and fly through the air, and his naked foot would come in contact with the cruel gravel, before he could stop himself. Then he would have to hop back on one foot after that slipper, while the hen stood on the walk and elocuted, and the little Sunday school children stopped and laughed, and their parents reproved them, and laughed, too. Finally the hen got away from him and started down street at a wonderful speed for a hen, and he started after her, his face redder than ever, and every time he cleared a rod, he would stop and hop back two after one of those slippers. When he reached the corner of Essex-street, he jumped out of both slippers at once, but instead of stopping to go back, he picked up a stick of wood, and kept on. Then as the hen dodged into a gateway he hurled the stick, and broke the leg of a strange dog, which added its piercing "ki-yi" to the entertainment. But Cobleigh didn't stop. He tore into the yard after his property, in his bare feet, and chased the hen into a wood-pile, and caught it, just as the owner of the premises came out and wanted to know what Cobleigh was going to do with *his* hen, and what he meant, anyway, by getting drunk and kicking up such a hullabaloo in a peaceful neighborhood.—Cobleigh first thought he would knock the man down with an axe, and what he could not eat of him bury under a barn, but the new comer succeeded in proving to Cobleigh that the hen was his, and then the miserable man burst into tears and limped back home, where he found the three hens under the box.—*Danbury (Ct.) News.*

About Even.

I got introduced to a splendid stranger in the cars, says "John," the traveling correspondent of the New York *Sun*. Simply by his sitting down on my cork hat. This didn't improve the hat, it killed it, but we conversed:

Says I, "History tells us that some kind of vegetables possess conversational powers."

Says he, "I guess not."

Says I, "I guess yes."

Says he, "quote, sir, quote."

Says I, "Well, sir, how about Jack and the bean stalk?"

There I had him. He whistled the third and last stanza of "Betsy and I are out," then twisting himself around my way, says he:

"Stranger, it's an understood fact that twelve hard-boiled eggs won't hurt a day old child."

Says I, "Not if they are boiled real hard?"

Says he, "No, sir."

Says I, "Perhaps you will tell me why they won't hurt a child when they'll kill a man?"

Says he, "Yes, sir, because a day old child won't eat them."

There he had me.

Danbury (Ct.) News.

Argumentum ad Hominem.

The style of persuasion that obtains in the outlying settlements of our beloved country may be inferred from the following scene that occurred recently at the Union Railway ticket-office at Denver. A rough-looking man purchased through mistake a ticket for New York *via* the Kansas Pacific Line when he wanted to go over the Union Pacific. He did not discover the mistake until after the ticket had been paid for, and on asking the agent to change it the latter refused to do so.

"You won't change this ticket, then, won't you?"

"No," replied the agent; "you have your ticket, and I have the money for it, and if you want one over the other route you will have to buy it."

Very quietly the stranger twisted his ticket into a small roll, very serenely drew from under his coat tail a six shooter, coolly stuck the twisted ticket into the muzzle thereof, and sticking the pleasant looking thing through the little square window of the ticket office almost in the agent's face, and speaking in a tone that left no doubt of his determination, said: "Stranger, thar's that ticket, take it yourself and change it, or by the great horn spoon I'll blow it clean through you." It was changed with cheerful alacrity, and the traveller per Union Pacific walked away, saying; "I just thought I could induce him to change his mind *a little.*"—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

BUY YOUR
SCHOOL BOOKS, PAPER AND INK
AT BLUM'S.

Agricultural.

Look Out for the Worms on Fruit Trees.

An army of worms threatens to destroy the fruit crop next year. Trees are festooned with the tent caterpillars, who are now hatching more numerously than we ever saw them before. Every one that lives through this season will become the parent of hundreds next year, and the pest will continue to increase in geometrical ratio till the entire foliage of the fruit and forest trees will be destroyed. This result was actually reached in the New England States and Eastern New York some few years since.

The fruit crop was wholly destroyed for several years and the shade trees robbed of their foliage in a few days after they were in full leaf. The pest was finally arrested by the combined efforts of the people in direct war upon the worms, and by encouraging the propagation of birds, especially of the English sparrow. The present indications point to a most enormous development of these destructive worms. They will certainly ruin the fruit of Virginia, and the entire middle States of the South, unless restrained by vigorous and well directed efforts promptly applied. It is work especially adapted for boys, whose fondness for fruit will be an incentive to exert themselves. The nests within reach can be pulled off by hand and crushed under foot or burned. Those out of easy reach can be burned by applying a torch of sulphur, or brimstone tied to a long pole. A rag wound on a stick and dipped in melted brimstone answers. It can easily be lighted or put out at will. Two smart boys will destroy a thousand nests daily in this why, and save at least twenty-five dollars each in a large orchard. It will soon be too late for this season, and we urge prompt attention to these little enemies and pests of the orchard.

Sweet Potato Vines for Stock.

A Mississippi correspondent of *Our Home Journal* says: "As the general opinion in regard to the curing of the sweet potato vine for hay or feed for stock is that they have to be dried on a fence or rack, and not on the ground, please permit me to give my mode of curing the vines.

After a good frost, or the proper digging time, I go over the field with a sharp hoe and cut the vines loose on the top of each row; put a good, stout horse, or mule to a turn plow and let him walk in the furrow gathering all the vines I can on the plow; drive to the end of the row, empty my load and return to the same furrow until I have obtained all the vines, and so on until the field is gone over. Shake out the vines and spread them evenly on the ground; turn them over once a day, and if you have good sun you can take them on the third day, or they may remain out until the fourth day, then house them. Milch cows will give more and richer milk fed upon well cured potato vines than they will fed upon the same bulk of crabgrass hay. I have cured them in this way, and my cows did eat them as well, if not better than they did the best farm grass hay.

Let some of our readers try it, and I do not think they will plow in the vines to rot again. If the vines are cut from the potatoes before the frost descends to the tubers, there is but little danger from the frost (the vine being cut even with the ground, or still better, a little below the surface)."

ESTABLISHED 1827!

THE OLD
FRANKLIN
PRESS.

PLAIN AND FANCY
BOOK & JOB PRINTING
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE

PICTURES
FOR THE PEOPLE.

HIGHLY COLORED ORNAMENTED CHARTS of the following subjects:
Prince of Peace,
Life of Christ,
Pilgrim's Progress,
Our Saviour,
Mt. Vernon, Cheap at the
BOOK STORE.

AT THE BOOK STORE

NEAT WALNUT WORK BOXES at low prices
TRANSPARENT SLATES, three sizes.
Cheap Port Folios, Paper Window Shades,
Fireboard Prints, Wall Paper,
INITIAL PAPER,—Rose Tint, and Ornamented.
Magill's Paper Fasteners,
New Ink Erasers,—the best thing out.
Good and cheap Writing Paper.
Blank Account and Record Books.
Tilden's Nonspilling Inkstands,
and many other articles in our line.
L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
March 31, 1871.

JUST RECEIVED
AT THE BOOK STORE,
Mental Photograph Albums,
Waverly and other Novels, (cheap.)
Dickens and other Novels, (cheap,)
Pocket-Maps, N. C.
Hayden's Dictionary of Dates.
Pictures of Christ.
Steel Engraving of Holy Family.
World Essays.
Songs before Sunrise.
A Woman's Poems.
Verses, by. H. H.
May 19, 1871.

Dick's English Classics.
The Cheapest Books
ever Published.

Shakspeare	50 cents
Byron	50 "
Scott	25 "
Goldsmith	50 "
Burns	25 "
Milton	25 "
Cowper	25 "
Wordsworth	25 "
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At the BOOK STORE,

Building and Alphabet
BLOCKS
FOR CHILDREN,
at the BOOKSTORE

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.
A lot of small Steel engravings suitable for Scrap Books, at BLUM'S.

JOHN H. ZEVELY,

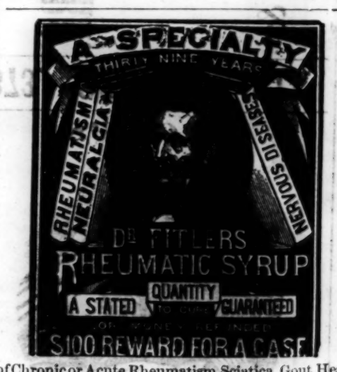
POST OFFICE BUILDING, SALEM, N. C

THOSE who wish to supply themselves with fresh and reliable
DRUGS & MEDICINES,
an always find them at the above establishment, at reasonable prices.
FANCY ARTICLES,
PERFUMERY, SOAPS,
NOTIONS
PATENT MEDICINES,
n fact everything in his line always on hand
J. H. ZEVELY
Jan. 14, 1870

JUST RECEIVED
AT ZEVELY'S
DRUG STORE,
POST OFFICE BUILDING.
Dr. Sage's Celebrated Catarrh Remedy,
Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,
and Pleasant Purgative Pellets.
Also, Allen's Unrivalled Lung Balsam,
McLean's Voleanic Oil Liniment.
Hall's Vegetable Sicillian Hair Renewer.
Klutz's Chill Cure.
The following fine Extracts for the handkerchief can be had in any quantity:
Boquet Caroline,
Patchuly, Musk,
Jockey Club,
Ylang Ylang,
Cologne, &c.
Call and see for yourselves. I am satisfied that I can please.
JOHN H. ZEVELY.

AT ZEVELY'S
Drug Store,
POST OFFICE BUILDING,
SALEM, N. C.,
EXTRA FINE COMBS,
BUFFALO AND SHELL,
TOOTH BRUSHES, KEY RINGS,
FANCY EXTRACTS,
MËEN FUN, GUM NIPPLES, &c., &c.,
AT REASONABLE PRICES.
November 14, 1872.

FINE CUTLERY,
PERFUMERY,
CHEWING TOBACCO,
CIGARS,
Musical Instruments,
&c., &c., &c.,
AT ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE,
Post Office Building, - - Salem, N. C



of Chronic or Acute Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, Headache, Lumbago, Ague, Nervousness or Kidney Affections accepted for treatment that I cannot cure.
Nov. 21, 1872-47-1y.
For Sale at ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE.

Musical Instruments
AT ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE
VIOLINS, GUITARS,
BANJOS, TAMBORINES,
FLUTES, FIFES,
ACCORDIONS.
VIOLIN, GUITAR AND BANJO STRINGS.
Extra Violin
BOWS and HAIR
For Bows, &c., &c., with a good supply of
Perfumery, Soaps & Fancy Articles

HORSE AND CATTLE

POWDER
at Zevely's Drug Store,
CALL AT ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE
FOR
Chill and Fever Cure,
PERFUMERY,
SOAPS, FANCY ARTICLES,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
PURE DRUGS GENERALLY.

THEA-NECTAR
GREAT REDUCTION
IN THE PRICE OF
TEA.
THE Thea-Nectar is a pure Black Tea, with a Green Tea flavor, and will suit all tastes. It can be had at **Zevely's Drug Store** at the reduced price of one dollar per pound.

SAPOLIO
removes stains and grease from carpets and other woven fabrics.
There is no one article known that will do so many kinds of work and do it as well as Sapolio. Try it.
July 10, 1873. For sale at the Book-Store.

CHARTS
FOR THE PEOPLE,
at the BOOK STORE

Mail Arrangements.

HIGH POINT MAIL.

Arrives daily by 8, A. M. Departs dail at 1, P. M.

MOUNT AIRY MAIL.

Arrives Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 1½, P. M. Departs Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9, A. M.

REIDSVILLE MAIL.

Arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 3 P. M. Departs Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 9 A. M.

GREENSBORO MAIL.

Arrives every Saturday, by 3 P. M. De parts every Friday, at 6 A. M.

JONESVILLE MAIL.

Arrives every Friday, by 7, P. M. Departs every Saturday, at 6, A. M.

JERUSALEM MAIL.

Arrives every Tuesday, by 7, P. M. De parts every Monday at 7, A. M.

WALNUT COVE MAIL.

Arrives every Saturday, by 7, P. M. Departs every Friday, at 4, P. M.

PANTHER CREEK MAIL.

Arrives every Saturday, by 8, P. M. Departs every Saturday, at 6, A. M.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

Beware of Counterfeits!

JOB MOSES' SIR JAMES CLARKE'S FEMALE PILLS

are extensively COUNTERFEITED. *Dishonest Druggists endeavor to sell the counterfeits to make greater profits. The genuine have the name of* Job Moses *on each package. All others are worthless imitations.* The GENUINE Pills are unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. They moderate all excesses and remove all obstructions, from whatever cause.

TO MARRIED LADIES

they are particularly suited. They will in a short time bring on the monthly period with regularity; and although very powerful, contain nothing hurtful to the constitution. In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections, Pains in the Back and Limbs, Fatigue on slight exercion, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics and Whites, they will effect a cure when all other means have failed. The circulars around each package give full directions and advice, or will be sent free to all writing for them, sealed from observation.

N. B.—In all cases where the GENUINE cannot be obtained, One Dollar enclosed to the Sole Proprietor, JOB MOSES, 18 Cortlandt St., New York, will insure a bottle of the *genuine*, containing Fifty Pills, by return mail, *securely sealed* from any knowledge of its contents.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES.

BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS

Cure COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, DIFFICULT BREATHING, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION AND LUNG DISEASES. They have no taste of medicine, and any child will take them. Thousands have been restored to health that had before despaired. Testimony given in hundreds of cases. Ask for BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Price 35 cents per box. JOB MOSES, Proprietor, 18 Cortlandt Street, New York.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY.

DELAMARRE'S SPECIFIC PILLS.

Prepared by J. GARANCIERE,
No. 314 Rue Lombard, Paris.

These pills are highly recommended by the entire Medical Faculty of France as the very best remedy in all cases of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness; Nightly, Daily or *Premature* Emissions; Sexual Weakness or *Impotency*; Weakness arising from Secret Habits and Sexual Excesses; *Relaxation* of the Genital Organs; Weak Spine; Deposits in the Urine, and all the ghastly train of Diseases arising from Overuse or Excesses. They cure when all other remedies fail. Pamphlet of Advice in each box, or will be sent Free to any address. Price $1 per Box. Sent by mail, *securely sealed from all observation*, on receipt of price. OSCAR G. MOSES, 18 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK, Sole General Agent for America.

GRANDEST SCHEME EVER KNOWN!

Fourth Grand Gift Concert
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.
12,000 *CASH GIFTS* $1,500,000.
Every Fifth Ticket Draws a Gift.
$250,000 for $50.

The Fourth Grand Gift Concert authorized by special act of the Legislature for the benefit of the Public Library of Kentucky, will take place in Public Library Hall, at Louisville, Ky.,

Wednesday, December 3rd, 1873.

Only sixty thousand tickets will be sold and one-half of these are intended for the European market, thus leaving only 30,000 for sale in the United States, where 100,000 were disposed of for the Third Concert. The tickets are divided into ten coupons or parts and have on their back the Scheme with a full explanation of the mode of drawing.

At this concert, which will be the grandest musical display ever witnessed in this country, the unprecedented sum of

$1,500,000,

divided into 12,000 cash gifts, will be distributed by lot among the ticket-holders. The number of the tickets to be drawn from one wheel by blind children and the gifts from another.

LIST OF GIFTS:

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT			$250,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT			100,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT			50,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT			25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT			17,500
10 CASH GIFTS	$10,000	each	100,000
30 CASH GIFTS	5,000	each	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS	1,000	each	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS	500	each	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS	400	each	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS	300	each	45,000
250 CASH GIFTS	200	each	50,000
325 CASH GIFTS	100	each	32,000
11,000 CASH GIFTS	50	each	550,000
TOTAL, 12,000 GIFTS, ALL CASH, amounting to			$1,500,000

The distribution will be positive, whether all the tickets are sold or not, and the 12,000 gifts all paid in proportion to the tickets sold—all unsold tickets being destroyed, as at the First and Second Concerts, and not represented in the drawing.

PRICE OF TICKETS:

Whole tickets $50; Halves $25; Tenths, or each Coupon, $5; Eleven Whole Tickets for $500; 22½ Tickets for $1,000; 113 Whole Tickets for $5,000; 227 Whole Tickets for $10,000. No discount on less than $500 worth of Tickets at a time.

The unparalled success of the Third Gift Concert, as well as the satisfaction given by the First and Second, makes it only necessary to announce the Fourth to insure the prompt sale of every Ticket.—The Fourth Gift Concert will be conducted in all its details like the Third, and full particulars may be learned from circulars, which will be sent free from this office to all who apply for them.

Tickets now ready for sale, and all orders accompanied by the money promptly filled. Liberal terms given to those who buy to sell again.

THOMAS E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent Publ. Libr. Ky., and Mang. Gift Concert,
Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.
Aug. 7, 1873.-32

BOOKS AT COST.

Bullion's Analytical and Practical Grammar,
Davie's Elements of Written Arithmetic,
" First Lessons "
" Practical "
" University "
" Intellectual "
Robinson's Progressive Higher "
Smith's "
Wilson's Primer,
Wilson's Speller,
First Lessons in Botany,
Bullion's English and Latin Dictionary.
The above books will be sold at cost and carriage, if early application be made at the
Dec. 12, 1872. BOOK STORE.

NATIONAL SERIES.

National Primers,
Spellers and Readers,
Dickens and Bulwers Novels,
Cheap editions at the BOOK STORE.

UNABRIDGED.

SMITH'S COMPLETE BIBLE DICTIONARY at the BOOK STORE.

LAST CALL.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the estate of Dr. A. T. Zevely, will please call and settle, without delay, otherwise notes and accounts will be placed in officers hands for collection.
L. V. BLUM,
T. R. PURNELL.
Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1873.

MUSIC.—A fresh supply of Musical Instruments just received at ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE.

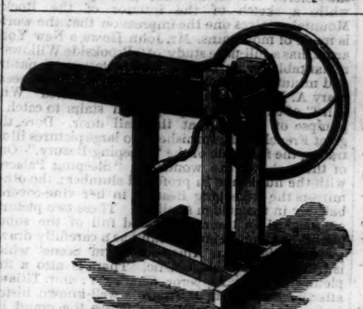
Family Bibles, Fine and Common, at the BOOK STORE.

GOLD PENS.
A Good Article at the BOOKSTORE.

W. T. VOGLER,
DEALER IN
CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY
AND
FANCY ARTICLES,
Next Door to Crosland's Grocery Store.
SALEM, N. C.

A large and well assorted stock always on hand. I have made arrangements to order anything which may be wanted, direct from the manufacturers, at any time.
All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.
☞ All kinds of REPAIRING done, and work warranted.

TOMBSTONES, TOMBSTONES,
Monuments, Head Stones or Slabs.
I am prepared to furnish any kind of Tombstones which may be wanted. **Send in your orders.**
Feb. 6, 1873. [6-6m.



GALE'S COPPER STRIP FEED CUTTER.
PRICE, $14 TO $40.

SALEM AGRICULTURAL WORKS.
C. A. HEGE, Proprietor, Salem, N. C.

THE undersigned takes this method of informing the public that he has opened an
AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE
in Salem, N. C., where he will keep all kinds of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS and Labor-Saving Machinery throughout the State of North Carolina ever and increase the product of the farm. He has been engaged in selling Labor-Saving Machinery since the close of the war, and flatters himself that he can furnish Machinery for farm use, would do well to consult him on the subject as he has made Labor Saving Machinery for farm use, and persons wishing to purchase any kind of his business, and has made special arrangements with the manufacturers and the transportation companies, whereby he can furnish Machines at about as cheap rates as they can get them themselves direct from the works. Call and see for yourselves. He will keep constantly on hand, a varied assortment of machinery, &c., such as Mowers and Reapers, Threshers and Cleaners, Horse Rakes, Straw Cutters, Corn Shellers, Cider and Wine Mills and Presses, Horse Powers, &c.—Also other Machinery, such as Sewing Machines for family use, also Sewing Machines for heavy leather work, Hand Pegging Machines, Hand Bolt Cutting Machines, Lawn Mowers, &c.
He would more especially call attention to the ADVANCE MOWER of which he has sold over fifty machines the last two seasons in North Carolina. Call on or address, C. A. HEGE, Proprietor of Salem Agricultural Works.
N. B. He would call special attention to the CARDWELL THRESHER AND CLEANER and CARY HORSE POWER. Call and see them. Any machine not on hand will be furnished at manufacturer's prices.
[June 26, 1873-26-3m.]

NISHWITZ
PULVERIZING
HARROW,
PRICE $30

OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD;
OR, TESTIMONY FROM THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

Under the above title I propose to publish first in newspaper, and subsequently in book form a series of articles giving the war record of North Carolina from the election of Lincoln in Nov. 1860, to the close of the war between the States in May, 1865.—My plan embraces three divisions:

1st. Accounts of each skirmish and battle on the soil or upon the waters of North Carolina.

2nd. Accounts of every battle fought during the war on the soil of every State, in which any of the troops of North Carolina took part—especial care being taken to show what these troops did and suffered in each of those battles, and what glory and renown our officers and men fairly won.

3rd. "A Southern Chart for all time." An explanation of the third division of the proposed plan will be submitted at a later day.

That I may successfully accomplish this arduous but pleasing self-imposed task, I invoke the aid of all my brother soldiers and ask them to furnish me material which can be arranged and digested so as to form a complete record of the heroic deeds of the sons of North Carolina upon the battle-fields of the Confederacy; and especially do I ask all who can write to furnish me details of every battle in which they participated, and the part borne by their immediate commands.

The time may not have come to write this portion of North Carolina's History; but it has come to collect and arrange it for the use of the future historian. The living actors will soon pass away, and much valuable information, unless gathered now, will be lost, forever. Hence after waiting for several years for some one more competent to undertake the task, I have determined to devote the remaining years of my life to this labor of love. I yield to none in love for my native State, nor in admiration for the gallant men who have shed imperishable glory upon her.

I prefer to give these accounts first in newspaper form, in order that omissions and errors if any occur, may be pointed out and corrected before the work shall pass into the more enduring form, which it will assume should it prove what I desire to make it, a valuable acquisition to the war record of the South.

Several of the prominent actors in the war have already promised their co-operation and the valuable aid of their pens to lessen my labors and to make the work complete, and I hope to enlist an army of valuable co-laborers in the good cause as did North Carolina enlist her sons to fight the battles of the "Lost Cause."

General officers from other States who commanded North Carolina troops are respectfully asked to give me all the information in their possession relative to the conduct and bearing of those troops.

In endeavoring to do justice to the soldiers of my native State, I certainly shall most carefully abstain from doing injustice to those from any other.

My brethren of the press will confer a favor by giving the whole or such part of this prospectus as they may deem proper, one or more insertions, calling attention thereto.

Address "Our living and our Dead," Newbern, N. C.

The first number will be issued about the 10th of June. Subscription price $2 per year in advance.

STEPHEN D. POOL,
late Colonel 10th Regiment, N. C. S. T.
Newbern, N. C., May 20, 1873.

J. M. McCORKLE, W. H. BAILEY.
McCORKLE & BAILEY,
Attorneys and Counsellors,
SALISBURY, N. C.,
Practice in Rowan, Mecklenburg, Cabarrus, Davie, Davidson, Forsyth, Iredell, Yadkin, Stanly and Montgomery, and in the Federal and Supreme Courts.
John W. Mamey, Esq., Special Partner.
July 3, 1873.-27-1m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WESLEYAN FEMALE INSTITUTE,
STAUNTON, VA.
The 24th annual session begins Sept. 25, 1873. One of the first Schools for Young Ladies in the South. Twenty-three teachers and officers. Scenery grand; buildings elegant; health unsurpassed; feeble constitutions here restored; pupils from all the States from Maryland to Texas. Board and College Tuition for scholastic year, $240. For catalogue of 54 pages address Rev. W. A. HARRIS, President, Staunton, Va. 34-4w.

KENMORE UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL,
Amherst C. H., Va.
Preparatory to the University of Virginia. H. A. Strode (Math. Medalist U. Va.), Principal and Instructor in Mathematics. H. C. Brock, B. L. U. Va. (recently Assistant Professor Latin U. Va.). Instructor in Greek, Latin, French, German and Botany.—This is one of the leading High Schools of Virginia, and presents many advantages incomparable with those of others. Students also received for the Summer. New session begins September 15, 1873.
For Catalogue address the Principal.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE NEW BOOK,
EPIDEMIC & CONTAGIOUS DISEASES,
with the newest and best treatment for all cases. The only thorough work of the kind in the world. Embraces **Small-Pox, Yellow Fever, Cholera** and all analogous diseases. **No Family Safe Without It,** and all buy it. Has 24 chromatic illustrations. The biggest chance of the season for agents. Address H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

FOR SALE,
Needles and Attachments for all kinds of Sewing Machines. Cash orders promptly filled or sent per Express, C. O. D. Address D. G. MAXWELL, Charlotte, N. C., Gen'l Agent of the Home Shuttle Sewing Machine.

Write for a Price List to J. H. JOHNSTON,
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